THE New Republic

GRAHAM GREENE:
Ho Chi Minh and the Last Act in Viet-Nam

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A New Poem by Louis MacNeice

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Washington Wire .... T.R.B.

We were tagged for one of these reporters' panels the other day and were struck by the advice given to our moderator that he should disregard any written questions from the floor about Senator McCarthy. What impressed us, as we thought it over, was the unanimity of feeling that Joe should be ignored. Actually no questions even came up. Yet a couple of years back he was the featured speaker at the editors' annual convention here, and last year at this time you couldn't go five minutes in talking to an out-of-town visitor without his raising the subject.

This informal but universal boycott isn't because the Senate finally censured McCarthy. It isn't because Eisenhower exerted the moral influence of his great office to check Joe (Ike didn't move, you remember, until after Adlai Stevenson attacked, and then only obliquely). No, we think the silence today is a kind of common agreement to avoid a subject on which the American public feels sheepish and silly. Joe made a fool of us.

Over in Berlin now they are looking at a semi-documentary film *The Last Act* about manic-depressive Hitler. First the German audience giggles at the actor in his Hitler mask, then they grow silent and sober. "Were we really as crazy as that?" they ask as they come away from the theatre.

In America the acute phase of national hysteria has passed: we are learning to live with our Cold War anxieties as other nations much closer to Moscow have done. McCarthy's heavy face, or mask, seems unbelievable when you see it at committee hearings or at one of his rare appearances on the floor of the Senate. People would hate to admit it, but the question they put to themselves subconsciously is, "Were we as crazy as that?"

What will the Republicans do with McCarthy if the "Great Crusade" recaptures the Senate next year? Joe is the ranking minority member of his old Senate committee and automatically takes over if the GOP wins. Conditions have changed now, and doubtless Ike no longer feels he must placate McCarthy as he did on the night of October 3, 1952, when he omitted the passage praising Gen. George Marshall from his Milwaukee campaign speech in deference to the Senator. Even so it will be a bit awkward. Joe isn't up for re-election but in a sense is involved in any campaign where his chairmanship is at stake. As Sen. Everett Dirksen (R, Ill.) put it last year, in trying to defeat Democratic Sen. Paul Douglas:

> This election is crucial. If we [the GOP] miss in the Senate by one vote, everything goes out the window. Republican control of committees will be lost. Joe McCarthy will lose the chairmanship of his committee.

When reporters asked the President last week if he had any personal assurance that John B. Hollister, the new man he appointed to head the $3.5 billion foreign-aid program, favored the program, Ike said "No—that is, personally, no." When reporters asked Hollister if he favored the program he said, "I am frank to say I am not informed on the subject."

On April 16 President Eisenhower wrote Secretary Dulles about the new program: "The key to success is the individual selected to head the new bureau within your department."

This is the kind of thing that is so confusing in Washington. It has been repeated so often that the sense of incredulity which would be roused under another President has been blunted. Hollister was a law partner of the former isolationist Sen. Robert Taft. He is now executive director of the Hoover Commission which is issuing a series of anachronistic reports trying to repeal the New Deal. Mr. Hoover is no enthusiast for foreign aid; a forthcoming Hoover-Hollister report is rumored to be critical of it.

It is assumed here that Eisenhower will wash his hands of responsibility for Hollister (whatever his views) just as he did for Wolf Ladejinsky, who was fired as a security risk by one Cabinet member and then hired as an expert by another.

Apparently, Hollister was picked to placate the conservatives in Congress. It is hard to find any real conviction in his past record or statements in support of the program which the President has so often espoused.

As to the tariff battle, the President last week nodded approval to a bill in the Senate which continued the Hull Act for three years, but with protectionist amendments that seem likely to flood the Tariff Commission with applications for relief. A big Senate fight had been expected on the basis of past Eisenhower statements, but when the White House said the compromise version was "acceptable" the Senate battle collapsed. The pending measure, now in conference, is a new example of government by loophole.

The House Democrats last February under Sam Rayburn gave Ike a much stronger tariff bill over the opposition of Republican Congressmen. They had some hope that Ike would make a similar fight, for the same kind of a bill, in the Senate. He did not do so. Democrats may still knock out some of the protectionist Senate amendments in conference. If they do, it will be over protests by Republican Congressmen and in behalf of a hands-off President who says he favors low tariffs but that the amendments are "acceptable."

The big emotional issue here, of course, is over Salk vaccine. In a way this is typical. A big Madison-Avenue-style publicity build-up created a hysterical demand which the Administration, with characteristic lack of imagination, was unprepared for. Like Coolidge, Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, the Secretary of the Not-too-much Health, Education and Welfare Department, believes that the best leadership is the least leadership. Her health adviser was chosen by the ruling clique of the American Medical Association. Its phobia is "socialized medicine."

Mrs. Hobby's Department issued contradictory statements as tragic developments indicated some of the untested samples of the vaccine gave polio instead of immunity. Ironically staunch Republican journals like the *New York Herald Tribune* implored Eisenhower for "leadership" and controls.

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Salk Shots: Government Reluctantly Acts

The American penchant for over-dramatizing every new scientific achievement has resulted in an anti-climax in the case of the Salk vaccine. Poliomyelitis is a serious disease; but it has not reached epidemic proportions this year. Since January 1, fewer than 1,500 cases have been reported, compared to almost 2,000 in the corresponding months of 1954. But, despite repeated warnings that the serum was only 90 percent effective and did not afford permanent protection, the public was aroused by the high-pressure publicity and ceremony accompanying the final acceptance of the vaccine to expect the miraculous. When the first cases of vaccinated children coming down with the disease were reported, the reaction to it was as little justified as the first grandiose hopes.

Happily, there has been no public hysteria, but for two weeks the nation's Public Health Service operated in a state of uncertainty and confusion. Reassurances to parents flourished; there was a fresh one each day. Release of the vaccine was halted, but Surgeon General Leonard A. Scheele said that the nationwide inoculations should be continued. And the polio cases were adding up. Suddenly, under mounting pressure caused largely by his own contradictory public statements, the Surgeon General ordered the suspension of all injections while a recheck of every batch of vaccine was made.

Before any Salk vaccine went out to the public, samples from each drug firm were thoroughly tested by the government's Biologics Control Laboratory. The producers were then permitted to ship out the serum on condition that they maintained detailed records of the manufacturing operation. This is standard procedure for medical products. In addition, the Biologics Control Laboratory continued to test at least one sample from each batch of vaccine produced. Production was faster than the testing, however, and some vaccine was shipped out before an actual sample had been inspected. It may be that live polio viruses survived in some of the untested vaccine.

Of the 52 post-inoculation infections discovered as of this writing, all but eight followed injections with vaccine produced by the Cutter Laboratories at Berkeley, California. The relation between use of the Cutter vaccine and the appearance of the disease "is so definite," said the Surgeon General, that "until the precise cause is found the vaccine produced by this laboratory will remain suspended." It will take from one to two months to complete the monkey studies of the Cutter serum. It must be injected into the brains of 12 monkeys and the muscles of six. After a month the brains and spinal cords are examined microscopically for possible nerve damage.

Dr. Scheele has predicted that some of the rechecking of the vaccines produced by other drug companies may be completed within a week. In these cases, the vaccines themselves will not be tested; instead Public Health Service experts will inspect production plants and look over the testing records of each batch of the serum produced. This seems adequate, as the incidence of paralytic polio among vaccinated children —other than those who received the Cutter vaccine— has been one in 700,000, just about the expected natural occurrence of the disease among these children.

The suspension of the Cutter product and the rechecking of the other firms should relieve public concern over the effects of the vaccine. The larger problem of distribution remains. Basil O'Connor, president of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, has said that effective control can only be assured if the federal government buys and allocates the entire supply—at a cost of $144 million to care for the nation's 60 million children under 20. Some Democrats in Congress favor establishing federal stand-by powers, to be used if voluntary distribution does not work. Sen. Lister Hill (D, Ala.), chairman of the Senate Labor and Welfare Committee, is still holding open his invitation to HEW Secretary Hobby to ask for an appropriation of funds. An initial $8 million would be enough to pay for three shots of serum for the four million children of low-income families who receive free smallpox and diphtheria shots from the Public Health Service. Mrs. Hobby remains aloof.

Riding the Rapids

"PATRIOT Ruined by the West" is Graham Greene's description of Premier Ngo Dinh Diem in this issue of *New Republic* (See page 10). It seems probable, if not ineluctable, that history will confirm his view. Since Mr. Greene's article was written, however, Premier Diem's patriotism has stiffened his resistance to foreign control; accordingly his ruin is less than complete.

"Mr. President, meet Mr. Eisenhower."

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In his first article, published in last week's *NR*, Mr. Greene pointed to Premier Diem's inability to unite Viet-Nam and his vacillation in dealing with the religious sects in that country and the private army, the Binh Xuyen. "Sooner or later," Mr. Greene wrote, "any government must deal with the sects, and it is a hopeless dream to believe that this can be done without bloodshed." In fact, soon after Mr. Greene's article was written, the abortive rebellion of the sects was followed by a civil war between the government and the Binh Xuyen. It dramatized the Premier's weakness. It broke while the President's on-the-spot adviser, General J. Lawton Collins, was in the United States insisting that Diem was too weak to survive and yet Diem won.

The defeat of the Binh Xuyen in itself did not establish Diem's claim as a national leader. Two political concomitants of the revolt, however, worked in Diem's favor. The French expeditionary forces still stationed in Viet-Nam gave tacit support to the Binh Xuyen; and from the French Riviera Emperor Bao Dai threw his full force against Diem. Patriotism in Viet-Nam (as in Viet-Minh) is expressed in two ways: opposition to the French expeditionary forces and to Bao Dai. In becoming the center of this opposition, Diem found new support. In Saigon two groups, a National Revolutionary Committee and a Congress of local and provisional councilors met to demand the deposition of Bao Dai and the transfer of his civil and military authority to Premier Diem.

Bao Dai charges that these groups are led by former associates of Ho Chi Minh. (He himself was once Ho's deputy.) He charges further that they are Communist infiltrated. No evidence of this latter charge has been found by US observers. Instead they report both groups are acting in the spirit of traditional Vietnamese nationalism. The US would like to see a gradual transfer of Bao Dai's powers to a constitutional government. But it realizes that the Western desire for tidiness is highly irrelevant in the midst of the nationalist revolution that is sweeping Viet-Nam. While General Collins, in a background press interview, voiced his fears of the political vacuum that would follow the deposition of Bao Dai, he did not, as the press reported, commit the US to a monarchy headed by Bao Dai. On the contrary, the US seems to have returned to its initial position of acting in accordance with Vietnamese nationalism. Still better, Mr. Dulles has so far persuaded the French to stand aside. Today US officials believe that if the French Government shows moderation, then moderates may retain the leadership of the new nationalist movement in Viet-Nam. But if France is intransigent, then leadership is likely to pass to extremists and so to Communist control. Our experts add, however, that neither France nor the US retains the power to shape events any longer in Saigon: the Vietnamese are on their own.

Economic Optimism

EVERY DAY in every way business is getting better and better. This was the vibrant note of the recent US Chamber of Commerce meeting in Washington, where 3,500 businessmen exuded what one confidential newsletter described as "cheerfulness, prosperity, confidence." This overflowing optimism among the cheerful, prosperous and confident businessmen extended to the future—beyond 1956. The politicians among them think they have already robbed the Democrats of their Republican Recession argument they used in 1954. "Business runs on facts," said the newsletter. "One of the facts is spirit. Spirit now is eager."

And why shouldn't the spirit be eager? Corporate profits are the highest they have ever been—except for the first half of 1950 when the Korean War brought on scare buying. This year's earnings after taxes promise to be 30 percent higher than in 1954. Auto company profits for the first quarter of 1955 are up 69.7 percent over last year; iron and steel profits, 60.9 percent; railroads, 70.1 percent; mining and metals, 82.9 percent.

For the first time since 1950 net profits for the nation's biggest retailers took a turn for the better in 1954, and this trend seems to be continuing. New cars and new houses, equipped with new gadgets, are selling fast. People owe $23 billion on the late-model goods they're sporting—a record amount. House loans are about to exceed $72 billion.

Booming business lifted April factory employment over the March level for the first time in five years. Incomes are up too—2.6 percent higher than last year; national income in February was at an all-time peak. The Department of Commerce estimates that the average income of a city family is now $6,393. Only 14.6 percent of city families now earn less than $3,000 a year. (But 29 percent of *all* US families still make less than $3,000.)

The 1954 Heller Budget, published annually at the University of California, pegs a wage-earner's annual expenses for a comfortable life at $5,335.19. A "junior executive" needs $7,979.98 to live pleasantly. These budgets include TV sets, tobacco, gifts, contributions, cosmetics and even an allotment for alcoholic beverages. All of which means that the $6,000-a-year man can make out

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pretty well. Whereas union representatives used to point to the Heller estimates in wage talks, management officials may be expected to call attention to them this year.

Waltzing the Farmer

THE WHITE HOUSE has worked out a standard technique for disposing of troublesome domestic issues. The pattern goes like this:

1. The White House calls upon a script writer to prepare a public report which describes a problem in warm, sympathetic terms. Anyone can see that the GOP has its heart in it.

2. A cautious member of the Eisenhower team is tapped to draw up an action program and budget which will not ruffle the feathers of Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey. If the disparity between the size of the problem and the size of the action is very great, you call it a pilot operation to test results, so that we may learn as we go.

3. The White House places in charge of the program a man who has little sympathy for the policy and is unlikely to give it effective leadership.

4. Ike tells his press conference that no one has brought to his attention any criticism of the proposed action.

All elements in the pattern ran true to form in the recent Presidential message on our poorest farmers and what to do about them.

First, the White House released a 44-page booklet bearing the signature of Secretary of Agriculture Benson, describing 1.5 million American farm families who earn less than $1,000 a year. Some of Mr. Benson's severest critics concede this is an excellent analysis. These poorest families contain some unemployables in the economic meaning of the word, but most of them, the report concludes, could benefit from greater government credit, extension services and off-the-farm employment service.

Mr. Benson, in a separate letter to the President, presented recommendations for action which will not ruffle the Secretary of the Treasury. For greater credit the Agriculture head proposes that $30 million be given to the Farmers' Home Administration. This is almost exactly the amount which has been cut from the federal farm credit program during President Eisenhower's Administration. In other words, Mr. Benson proposes to climb back up to the austerity agricultural budget of the Korean War days. Mr. Benson also recommended a new pilot operation in government extension services to be tried in 50 counties. The same proposal is already before the Congress in a bill submitted by Senators Sparkman (D, Ala.) and Kefauver (D, Tenn.), but the Democratic version asks for 500 counties, not 50.

As administrator of this new Operation Cabbage Patch, the President designated True D. Morse, Under-Secretary of Agriculture, who told the United Press after he took office that he thought "it would be better if the marginal farmer got out of farming and into industry."

The most plausible explanation for this sortie into a cardboard farm world is a concern for the farm vote. The poorest farmers live in districts which are predominantly Democratic. These are areas in which the GOP has made some inroad and hopes to broaden its appeal.

But the Democrats aren't leaving this territory undefended. Speaker Sam Rayburn's successful plea for the passage of the high farm price support bill in the House not so long ago was no less political. It was already conceded that the Democrats could not pass the bill in the Senate; the House action was intended to show that the Democratic heart was in the right place.

After his recent tour of drought areas stretching from West Texas into Central Wyoming, Secretary Benson told a press conference that conditions were worse than he expected, that wind erosion was worse than in the '30's. The familiar process of report, recommendation and appointment may be repeated on this new subject before the end of 1955.

Construction Ahead

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S much-publicized highway-building program has met an unmourned death in the Senate Roads Subcommittee. Reported in its stead is a highway construction program sponsored by Sen. Albert Gore (D, Tenn.) which calls for a federal and state outlay of $17.5 billion over a 5-year period.

The Eisenhower proposal would have authorized a new government corporation to sell up to $21 billion worth of 30-year bonds outside the national debt. The money would have been used to finance 40,000 miles of roads during the next 10 years. This extra-budgetary bond-selling scheme, condemned as "thoroughly unsound" by Senate Finance Chairman Harry F. Byrd (D, Va.), was received unenthusiastically by Congressmen of both parties. Many viewed it as merely a way of increasing the national debt without admitting to increasing it, a dodge by Treasury Secretary Humphrey to escape raising the national debt limit.

But everyone agrees that new highways are needed. The Bureau of Public Roads recommends the building of $297 billion worth in the next 30 years. Federal spending for highway construction has gone up rapidly since the war: from $390 million in 1950 to $517 million by 1953 and up to $580 million last year. The estimate for fiscal 1956 is $680 million, and now Senator Gore proposes to spend almost $3 billion a year by 1960. Under the Gore plan, as under present law, all federal funds would be allotted to the states on a 50-50 matching basis. A separate sum of $7.75 billion would be set aside for interstate arteries, with Washington providing $9 for every $1 contributed by the states, a 30 percent rise in the federal contribution, made to overcome objections of several governors.

Meanwhile, the President's Council of Economic Advisers, who were disturbed by the slow pace of Congressional action on highway construction, are breathing more easily. The multi-billion-dollar road-building plan is tied closely to their dream of achieving a gross national product of $500 billion in 10 years.

Whittling Down the UN

AN OFFICIAL of the United Nations Technical Assistance Administration remarked recently: "We are reprogramming and cutting back some of our projects for the seventh time in the last 12 months." The reason was another cut in the United States contribution.

For two years the Congress has been haggling over the support of this $25 million UN program which began in 1951 at the urging of the United States, and with an initial American offer to pay 60 percent of the cost. Congress has recently raised a series of obstacles to the American contribution.

First the House challenged the right of the State Department to pledge American funds in advance of a Congressional appropriation. The State Department accepted this policy, thus preventing UN officials from planning a program in

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advance of the American contribution, which arrives after the year begins. Next, Congress insisted the United States could contribute funds for only six months at a time, because the UN fiscal year runs six months later than the American fiscal year. This reduced technical assistance to a hand-to-mouth affair.

For the current six months' period the President asked an appropriation of $8 million, which the Congress cut to $6.5 million in the first deficiency appropriation of the session.

The American press ignored the item, but it may be safely assumed that wherever United Nations projects were canceled, the local press took note, and where reasons were asked, it could only be explained that the United States has cut its support for this program which is popular in many underdeveloped countries.

President Eisenhower, as part of next year's foreign-aid proposals, requested an 18 months' appropriation for the UN program. Unless the Administration shows more determination to defend the funds than it showed in the recent hearings, the UN staff should prepare for its eighth reprogramming of the year.

Embargo on Negotiations with Red China

KRISHNA MENON, Nehru's friend and adviser, is now in Peking, acting out the coveted role that hosts of Asian leaders aspire to, of serving as an intermediary between China and the United States. Release of the American prisoners and restraint on the offshore islands are the early signs of good will that Menon is seeking to win from Chou En-lai. It is becoming more clear (as we suggested last week) that lifting the free world embargo on trade with China is part of the price the free world will be asked to pay in return. Communist Chinese trade negotiators now in Tokyo and Rangoon have said this much. And yet resuming normal trade between China and the free world is not a simple decision. There are in fact today three embargoes, imposed by different authorities on different commodities, that might dominate trade with Peking.

The United States Government applied a total embargo on American trade with China as soon as Chinese troops entered the Korean War in December, 1950. The ban, which is far more severe than our trade restrictions on the rest of the Soviet bloc, is still in effect. We justified the total embargo on the ground that any commodity might aid the Communists, either on the battlefield or in their industrial build-up for aggression. The trade we put an end to had amounted to $275 million of American exports and $120 million of American imports in 1948, the year before the Communist takeover in China.

A second embargo was imposed when the UN General Assembly voted on May 18, 1951, that all UN members should apply to Communist China an embargo on war materials, defined as "arms, ammunition and implements of war, atomic energy materials, petroleum, transportation materials of strategic value, and items useful in the production of arms, ammunition and implements of war." This UN resolution followed the finding by the UN Assembly that Communist China was an aggressor in Korea. The UN resolution clearly contemplated that UN members would continue to ship non-strategic goods to China, but Peking's interest has always centered in "strategic" items. On these, no terminal date was set by the UN resolution, which only the UN Assembly can revoke. The Assembly has taken no action to rescind the embargo, although the Korean armistice was signed on July 27, 1953.

Beyond these two measures, countries receiving American military aid have been required as a precondition for aid to apply a more stringent embargo to China than is demanded by the UN resolution. This twist of the allied arm was applied by the United States under terms of the Battle Act, enacted in October, 1951, and directed toward "any nation . . . threatening the security of the United States, including the Soviet Union and all countries under its domination." The Battle Act was not limited to the special conditions created by the Korean War, and would not be affected by a UN decision to lift the UN embargo.

Under impact of these three embargoes, China trade has developed a totally new pattern. Up to the Korean War, 75 percent of Chinese trade was with free world countries and only 25 percent with the Soviet bloc. Now the proportion is reversed. The renewal has caused a setback to the Chinese five-year plan, now in its third year. Many supplies sought by China are in short supply in the Soviet bloc, notably machine tools, heavy power and transport equipment, and chemicals. These are among the goods now sought by Communist Chinese in negotiations with Tokyo. Moreover, the high cost of transporting heavy goods from Soviet bloc countries in Europe to China means that China gets only half as much for a dollar spent in the bloc as she would in trading with Asian neighbors such as Japan.

Nevertheless, as the current negotiations with Burma demonstrate, the embargoes are not the only barrier to trade with China. Burma agreed in late 1954 to exchange $16 million worth of Burmese rice for Chinese manufactured goods. But a Burmese trade mission which has scoured China all winter for possible barter goods recently returned home with only $1.9 million in commodity agreements. China had nothing to offer that the Burmese wanted. And so the balance of the trade deal has been suspended.

Several European countries have relaxed their embargo rules since the Korean armistice. For example, France has resumed unlimited sales of sulfa drugs, which had been on a quota during the Korean fighting. Great Britain is again selling small passenger cars to China. But the main pattern of the embargo is likely to remain until some kind of political settlement is reached with Communist China.

The embargo continues although the fighting has died out: what then constitutes an "aggressor" and what must Peking do to "purge itself of aggression" as our officials demand? At the Geneva Conference it was the American position that the UN embargo should be lifted if Korea could be united under terms approved by the UN. Our position bore little relation to Korean realities then: it bears no more relation to them now. Our allies who see no hope of unifying Korea by peaceful means might be ready to consider trade concessions in return for some assurances of peace in Southeast Asia and the Formosa Straits. But Mr. Dulles can hardly conceal from Krishna Menon and other would-be intermediaries that any attempt to relax the American embargo on China would touch off a Congressional debate as bitter as the recent discussion of withdrawing American protection from Matsu and Quemoy.

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Can Divided Labour Win the Election?

BUTSKELLISM is a favorite word in the lexicon of the *London Tribune* and the *New Statesman and Nation*. It identifies in one hated symbol the Tory leader, R. A. B. Butler, and Hugh Gaitskell, the principal rival of Aneurin Bevan in the contest to succeed Clement Attlee as leader of the Labour Party. In a nation where external pressures in fact dictate a dominant area of agreement between the parties on economic policy, the attack upon Butskellism serves admirably to keep alive the illusions of doctrinaire socialists. It strengthens their belief that hardship is the fault of the capitalists, nurses their suspicion that Gaitskell is a traitor to the True Faith, and inflames their hope that once in power the Bevanites will find and distribute the magical Pot of Gold.

In fact, the only real issue that has arisen between the parties in the British election campaign has been drawn between Butler and Gaitskell. It centers in the Budget which Butler, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, presented April 20.

Mr. Butler avoided in his budget the usual pre-election concessions to beer drinkers, smokers and housewives. But he struck at the critical areas of misery and discontent where the marginal votes lie that will determine the election outcome on May 26. Twenty million people, with incomes of $420 or more a year, are subject to income taxes in Britain. Mr. Butler knocked sixpence off the standard income-tax rates and 2.4 million people off the income-tax rolls. Among all the industries in Britain, cotton textiles is in the worst shape. Mr. Butler, in a combination of good politics and sound economics, reached out to lessen the misery of Lancashire by halving the purchase tax on cotton goods. Mr. Butler gambled that an increase in British production would compensate for the loss of revenue and the renewed threat of inflation. "We do not believe in a policy of consumer controls or a return to rationing," he declared, "but in expansion, liberating the human spirit to give and do of his best."

As Mr. Butler unfolded his concessions, the Conservatives in Parliament saw their chances soaring. The Labourites in turn were alarmed. Their gloom was relieved, however, when for the Labour Party, Hugh Gaitskell replied. In a masterly appearance (from which Aneurin Bevan absented himself), Gaitskell noted that production had not risen for five months, and that exports in fact were stagnant. The concessions to the textile industry, he added, were "miserably inadequate," beer drinkers, smokers and housewives had been ignored. With more conviction, Gaitskell added that the Tories had moved the election up to May because in the summer Britain's economic troubles would become all too evident. He ended: "We accept the challenge!" "Paling a little under his effort," reported the *Manchester Guardian*, "Mr. Gaitskell was arrested in his peroration by stormy cheers from behind."

Beneath the oratory the contrast in party programs remains narrow. Only on the renationalization of the steel industry is there a major domestic issue. In foreign policy the Labour Party once in power would preserve an attitude very similar to Eden's toward Moscow and even toward Peking. There is, however, one sharp division in the Labour Party. Aneurin Bevan and his supporters have endorsed neutralism for Germany and should they name Labour's foreign minister, they could produce a break in the NATO front.

The split within the Labour Party was dramatically illustrated by the revolt of local leaders in a Manchester constituency. In a restricted version of our primary elections the local executive committees meet to choose between rivals for the party nomination. The local executive members are traditionally to the left of the party's central executive, and some further infiltration by Communists and fellow-travelers has taken place. To the Manchester constituency, where a Labour victory is probable, the Labour Party sent as its choice for Labour candidate Sir Frank Soskice, a loyal supporter of Clement Attlee, a former Attorney General of Great Britain and—once back in Parliament—a likely choice for Foreign Secretary should the Labour Party win. But the local leaders rejected Soskice. Labour's standard bearer instead is now Konni Zilliacus, an erratic intellectual on the left-wing of the Bevanites whom the Labour Party expelled for insubordination not long ago.

The BBC in Restraint of Talk

THE BRITISH political parties are still strangely shy of using television to expound their views in the election campaign. It was announced yesterday that the parties will be on the television screen for a total of only two and a quarter hours throughout the campaigning period. The Tories and Socialists will each provide one half-hour and two 15-minute programs. The Liberals get only one television broadcast, and it is to last a quarter of an hour.

But even this modest return is an improvement on the 1951 election, when there were only three political television broadcasts in all—one by each party.

During the campaign all other programs which have—or might have—a bearing on the elections will be taken off the air. . . .

Nobody should blame the BBC for this. The corporation simply acts as a technical instrument for the parties in the elections. It will see that the lighting and photography are as good as possible, and it may advise on, or even do, whatever make-up is necessary. But the arrangement and production of the political programs are out of its hands.

There are also to be four sound broadcasts for each of the two bigger parties and one for the Liberals. These will be repeated on the television sound channel at the end of the normal program.

It will be noticed that there is to be no political broadcasting at all after May 21, though polling does not take place until May 26. The idea of this period of silence is to diminish whatever advantage there may be for the party which has the last word. It may also be that the parties think that if there is no broadcasting, candidates will have bigger meetings, and that if there were broadcasts, party workers, who ought to be out in the streets, might stay at hand to see or hear their national leaders. — From the *Manchester Guardian*, April 22, 1955.

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The Bandung Compromise

by David Landman

A TREMENDOUS experiment took place in Bandung in April. For one week the representatives of the governments of five-eighths of mankind dedicated themselves to the proposition that there are more areas of agreement than disagreement in the world.

Far off in America, the delegates learned, observers were predicting that chaos would overwhelm their meetings. The conference, they gathered, would expose the disunity of Asians or else would enable the wily Reds to manipulate the innocent nations of Asia and Africa for their own voracious ends. Instead, President Soekarno set the mood of the conference when he declared in his opening address: "It is possible to live together, to meet together, to speak to each other without losing one's individual identity." A week of public and private meetings, ended with the echo from all sides: "To meet together is enough."

The conference opened on Monday with pageantry: cheering throngs in the streets, dramatic comings and goings in speeding cars behind insistent noisy motorcycles, a mammoth reception featuring Javanese dances beneath the banyan trees at the governor's palace, and oratory in a flag-decked hall named *Merdeka*—Freedom. It was Asia and Africa's own spectacle, with a handful of Western ambassadors from the United States, Britain and Europe, sitting as lonely spectators in the "white man's box" at the side of the hall.

The mood of the first day was one of tranquillity and high hope. The only political note was a heavy slap at international Communism by the forthright Iraqi, Jamali. Tuesday's speeches brought more attacks on Communism, including Philippine General Romulo's magnificently-phrased testament to democracy. At the close of the second day came Chou En-lai's turn. The Red Chinese Premier, a statue in tailored gray tropical worsted, stood motionless before the convention while his interpreter read his remarks in an expressionless voice. Reporters listened tensely for the bombshell they had predicted. Instead they heard a conciliatory speech, urging the conferees to seek common ground. The Premier of Red China, it appeared, had come to Bandung not to debate with Romulo but to gain acceptance in the Asian family.

On the next morning the conference abandoned the big hall, divided into economic, cultural and political committees, and started its serious work. Closed meetings were held on each subject and subcommittees delegated to draft resolutions for inclusion in the final communique. Every decision, every sentence, had to be unanimously approved. Much of this work was carried on in hotels or in the luxurious bungalows which had been requisitioned by the government and assigned to the larger delegations. Disagreements were resolved and compromises reached over lunch or dinner, coffee or cocktails, or (for the numerous non-imbibers) countless glasses of Orange Crush, the bottled beverage that is Indonesia's answer to imperialist Coca Cola.

THE agenda of the conference was initially a mystery to press and public, and possibly to the delegates as well. But on their arrival in Bandung the delegation heads met and mapped out discussions of almost every subject that Asians and Africans want to talk about: economic co-operation, cultural co-operation, human rights and self-determination, world peace and co-operation, the atom, universal membership in the UN, French North Africa, Israel, West Irian and South African racialism. Formosa, of course, was a principal issue. It was considered too hot to handle officially, but it gave rise to plenty of unofficial discussion. Sir John Kotelawala of Ceylon brought to Bandung a two-China proposal similar to Anthony Eden's. He launched it in test flight at a press conference. Among the delegates, scornful of Chiang Kai-shek and weary of the Chinese civil war, it flew with the grace of a lead balloon, and was never seen again.

The Final Communique was a monument to compromise. Yet in formulating it the delegates did not automatically subordinate their own goals to the general, conference goal. On the contrary, most delegations came to Bandung with ideas which they pressed with all possible vigor, and antipathies which they voiced with intense feeling. In noisy meetings behind partly closed doors it was necessary for Nehru and Premier U Nu of Burma to battle with other delegations, demanding that they refrain from pressing ideological differences.

First the Arab delegations exploded when they found that the Israel question wasn't on the tentative agenda, and U Nu, though protesting that his country was friendly with both Israel and the Arabs, had to yield.

When Cold War partisans clashed in the political committee on Friday, the day of the stormiest debate, Nehru rose to denounce all balances of power as a relic of the past. "To hell with those two blocs!" he cried, "our ideology is Gandhiism!"

David Landman has free-lanced for major magazines during the past eight years. Sponsored by the Ford Foundation, he is spending a year in Indonesia. A second article on the lessons of Bandung for US foreign policy will appear soon.

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A group of strongly anti-Communist countries including Turkey, Iran, Iraq, Lebanon, Pakistan, Philippines, Libya, Sudan and Liberia, wanted to condemn "colonialism in all its forms"—meaning that now practiced by the Kremlin as well as that once practiced by the British and French. Chou was intractible, however, and the statement was rephrased. "Colonialism" stood condemned "in all its manifestations."

IF ANY generalization could be made about the debate, it was that no country's actions could be predicted on the basis of its Cold War status. India made a heroic fight for the anti-Communist phrasing on colonialism. Turkey, finding it important to win acceptance from the Muslim world at this time, reversed its UN voting position on West Irian and Israel. Japan, though strongly linked to the United States, walked and talked softly, seeking simply an opening of doors to trade.

Five days of committee work had passed, and dusk had settled upon Bandung on Sunday evening when the conference communique was completed. The delegates filed into the big conference hall, their picturesque costumes crumpled and sweaty now, their eyelids heavy, their chins covered with stubble. They nodded slowly as the conference secretary read a document that was remarkable for its constructive and enlightened tone.

Then the pastel Plymouth sedans sped away from the Freedom Building behind their screaming motorcycle escorts. When the trek to the airport was completed, a Southeast Asian diplomat tried to sum up the conference. Barefoot in his sarong and finally at ease, he said:

> We are the nations of Asia and Africa. We number 1.4 billion. We have met in our own house and discussed our problems and the common problems of all nations. Though we are of diverse religions, of varied cultures, of different economic systems and systems of government, we have proved that we can create unity from our diversity, and having found our voice we can make the world listen.
>
> We are fed up with colonialism and racism. We have many wants; we shall work together to help satisfy them. But our paramount want is for peace. We are not happy about the Cold War, and most of us are sick with fear of a hot war that would sear the earth and destroy us all. Unless Russian bombs or American bombs prevent us, we shall apply our ten principles of friendly cooperation and shall live together in peace.

The Ten Principles formulated by the conference are general, of course, but they may well develop a unifying power. The Kellogg-Briand Pact, after all, was no binding force, and yet it helped to point the way to the United Nations Charter. Endorsement of the Ten Principles here in Asia, among countries eager to establish something new which is their own, may produce an even stronger moral compulsion than the Charter.

Among the 29 nations that signed the conference report, China and North Viet-Nam are Communist countries, subject to the pressures and abrupt changes of policy characteristic of their system. For the present apparently they see profit for themselves in Afro-Asian co-operation, so much so that they are ready to abandon the traditional Communist insistence that in any common meeting all other nations hew to their line. In fact, they were willing to endorse principles and statements that are plainly non-Communist in origin and character. For the Chinese Communists, well known for their intransigence and their refusal to participate in the give-and-take of free discussion when they venture abroad, this is a shift too important to ignore.

As for the 27 non-Communist and anti-Communist nations of Bandung, they are now closely tied by the bonds of a mutual faith in their potential and their hope for the future. Short of the outbreak of actual fighting, neither Cold War considerations nor the more important inner conflicts such as the India-Pakistan dispute over Kashmir are likely to breach their solidarity.

Among the 27 there are, of course, gradations in strength of conviction. The center of gravity of the African-Asian world is South and Southeast Asia, where the Hindu and Buddhist philosophies seem to have developed leaders of the greatest strength. At Bandung it was Nehru and U Nu who, more than any others, held the conference on its course. The near-Eastern and African countries, in contrast, are least involved in the new-found ideals of Bandung and would probably be the first of the 27 to fall away. The peoples of French North Africa need the spirit of Bandung to aid them in gaining liberation and recognition. Afterwards they are likely to revert to the Mediterranean orientation which has been theirs for more than 2000 years.

IN THE Muslim world of the Middle East the recurrent struggle for leadership was suspended during the Bandung Conference, with a reconciliation between Egypt and Turkey despite the bitterness over the Turkish-Iraqi Pact. These countries were all united on the North African and Israel issues. But this may be insufficient grounds for continued solidarity with the rest of Africa and Asia. The fragment of Black Africa that appeared at Bandung is also physically and culturally cut off from the rest of the Asian world. Yet having rejected Europe, it may develop a stronger bond with this world than the Arabs. With this in mind, Nehru declared in closing:

> Nothing is more terrible than the infinite tragedy of Africa in the past 200 years. Even today the tragedy of Africa is greater than any other, and it is up to Asia to help Africa, because we are sisters.

Even if the Western end of the African-Asian arc should crumble, there still remains the strong center: the five Colombo Powers, the other nations of South and Southeast Asia, and not least, with their briefcases bulging with trade-treaties, the gentlemen from Japan.

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Graham Greene

Last Act in Indo-China

II. Ho Chi Minh—the Man Who Gives the Orders

[*The intrigue and factionalism of South Viet-Nam was described last week by British novelist Graham Greene. Now, from Hanoi, he writes of Ho Chi Minh and the Communist North.*]

THEY ARE showing a documentary film in Hanoi of the battle of Dien Bien Phu. More exciting than the actual scenes of battle are the preparations. Even before the first ranging shots were fired, all realized that this was the decisive challenge: the troops in Dien Bien Phu were irreplaceable, but enormous efforts were needed with primitive transport, in a terrain of jungle and mountain to accumulate the right force at the right point at the right time. We see the new tracks cut and blasted through the mountains, hundreds of bicycles (no wonder the bicycle has become a Viet-Minh symbol like the taxis of Paris) dragged up almost impossible slopes, three men to a bicycle, carrying ammunition, the parts of mortars, sampans rock in the eddies of quick rivers, and a council of war is held in the forest below a waterfall. Above, undisturbed by opposition, the French planes search. If this effort were reproduced in peace, one thought, what could these people not achieve?

But this *is* peace, the door has blown open, they are at last in Hanoi, masters of 12 million people, and one emerges from the cinema into the wet misty sunlight of Hanoi: a great petrol station stands empty with a black dog asleep between the rusting pumps; in the co-operative stores the windows seem full of Quink and thermos flasks, an enamel mug costs $2.15. To men tired after eight years of guerrilla war the administrative burden must be very heavy. It is harder to run a city than to run a war. Corruption is not the danger (though there are stories that in the countryside a new bicycle—bicycle again—kept prominently in view may catch a Commissar's eye), but inexperience and unsuitability. There are so many heroes of the resistance. Even deserters from the Legion have deserved well of the state: you see them hanging listlessly at street corners or blowing the bugles in a parade.

One must not exaggerate the dreariness or the uniformity. I had read in the British press that every shop had to exhibit the portraits of Ho Chi Minh and the Russian and Chinese leaders, and that the lovely colored silk dresses had vanished from the streets. Neither is true. The pictures are there in the few larger shops that remain (Bulganin already succeeding Malenkov, though Malenkov lingers on the stamps), but you will find them rarely in the poorer shops and not at all in the Chinese Rue des Voiles. As for the dresses, they are still worn by girls of student age, but Hanoi was always a sadder town than Saigon and never gay with color except at festivals. All the same, after a victory, when the tension is relaxed, the spirit sags. Men get weary of sacrifice—the ration of rice, equal for all, had a nobility in the jungle which it begins to lack today. There is said to be some disillusionment even among the non-Communist ministers—this isn't quite what they had expected. Ho Chi Minh, meeting the Bishop of Hanoi, wept over the flight of the Catholics which he had not been able to prevent—"*C'est de ma faute,*" one need not imagine they were an actor's tears: he had been deserted by the very poor for whom he had fought. They were the tears of human nature at the inadequacy of great success.

It is difficult to convey the atmosphere of Hanoi today as it appears to those who do not share the aims of the government. Courtesy may be mistaken for evasion, pride for suspicion, the fear of persecution for persecution itself. Everything is behind the scenes. The correspondent finds himself blocked by courtesy and the correct channels—he is supposed to see no one without the assistance of the Press Office, and every morning a new face will greet him with the same encouraging remark, "Your request has been forwarded. We will let you know." One request, he knows, will never be granted. He will never see the countryside. Things are happen-

Diem's troops—at the alert in Saigon

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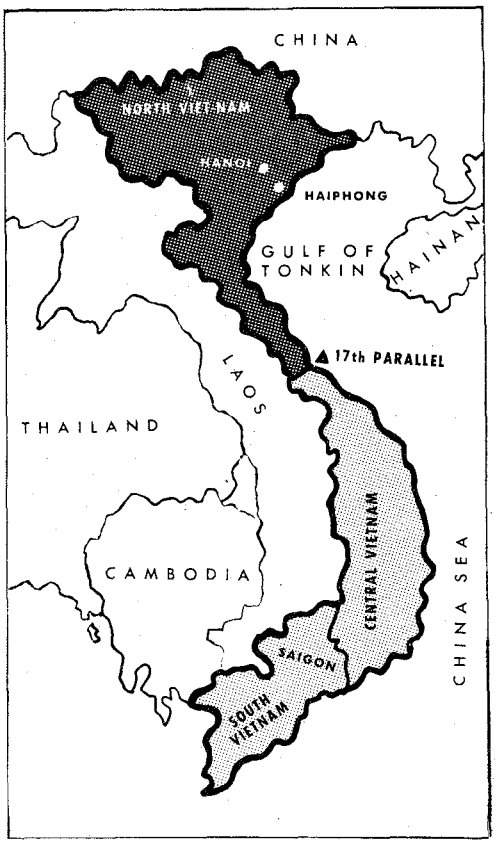
ing there, but he will learn more of them in Haiphong where the refugees still arrive at the rate of 300 a day. There is a daily average, the doctors tell you, of two "atrocity cases," men with their testicles torn off or their thumbs elongated, but this is not the work of the central government. It may be the enthusiasm of local partisans or the results of private vendettas. The cases cannot be publicized for fear of discouraging the flight of refugees, and anyway such propaganda is always double-edged — atrocities can happen wherever there is hate, and hate is never confined to one side.



Courtesy, evasion, suspicion, it is not only the correspondents who suffer from this fog. The missions of M. Sainteny, there to salvage a few economic and cultural services for France, live a life of unreality and, I suspect, growing weariness and despair. Their contacts with the government diminish rather than increase. Perhaps greater endurance is demanded of M. Sainteny now than when he flew into Hanoi in 1945. The International Commission maintain their strict neutrality in a mood of growing cynicism: delays, prevarications, difficulties of transport wear away the will to be effective. The representative of the Red Cross has sat for six months in Hanoi with a ton of deteriorating medicines—a free gift to the republic—waiting for the gift to be accepted. The Vice-Minister of Health assures him that "there is no sickness in the republic"; the Foreign Minister tells him there is a small misunderstanding—let him wait a little while longer. Is it that after eight years of jungle war their doctors have no experience of the new drugs? Yet they are said to have manufactured penicillin in the maquis. Or are they suspicious of any gifts the West may bring? Or do they fear the effect on China of any contact with the West? It is very noticeable that no one without a secure status is ready to meet a foreigner except in the presence of a third person.

Some of this atmosphere, of course, is the common atmosphere of post-resistance. No official will volunteer his name: it has to be prized out of him. But for years perhaps he has lived with aliases—one found the same characteristic in Irishmen for years after the Civil War. But whatever the explanation, the sense of apprehension is there: suspicion not only of the foreigner but of each other. The classical Communist system of the block informer has been organized, and though one hears of no prosecutions, there is always the fear of the future. And the future is May 16 when the Haiphong enclave is surrendered by the French and the escape route is closed. When the white cars of the International Commission vanish from Hanoi, how truly deserted the streets will seem.

The war in Viet-Nam did not begin as a Communist war, and the victory of Dien Bien Phu was welcomed at heart by every Vietnamian, in the South as well as the North. General Giap, like Ho Chi Minh, is not merely a Communist hero—he is a national hero. That is the strength and weakness of the Viet-Minh—until the date of the elections some pretense, however slender, has to be preserved that this is a national and not a Communist Government. The Lao Dong Party, which is purely Communist, controls the government, but there is the semblance of a national front, the Lien Viet, including such minority groups as the Dan Chu which might in happier times have corresponded to the British Labour Party. A number of Ministers belong to the Dan Chu, and some of these may well be envious of colleagues who crossed the line and escaped to the South before the war was over. In theory they too could escape, but even if they reached Haiphong and Saigon the assassins would follow. The Catholics too have one so-called representative in the government, and a few weeks ago a Catholic Congress was convened in Hanoi: there were priests there, priests who during the war had broken obedience and now have lost their faculties: no bishop was present, but like other totalitarian governments the Lao Dong pursues the dream of a national Church that has renounced papal supremacy—a soothing substitute for the Catholic faith.

Non-Communist Ministers are usually assisted and controlled by a Communist Vice-Minister, and this careful preservation of figureheads has revived the old hope in many Vietnamians and French that Ho Chi Minh is himself controlled—by the least popular figure in the government, Truong Chinh, the Secretary-General of the Lao Dong Party. It is a curious tribute of love from his enemies. Throughout the war there was a school of thought which believed Ho to be dead, so unwilling were those who had encountered him in 1945 and 1946 to believe that he was a genuine Communist, and it was surely the magnet of sympathy that had drawn M. Sainteny from Paris on his all but hopeless mission. One of Ho Chi Minh's strongest opponents in the South had

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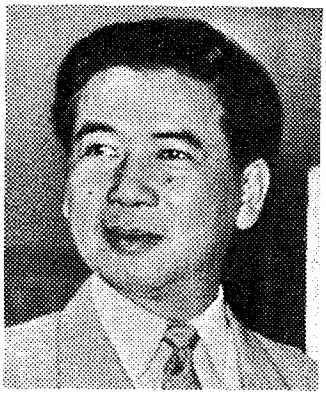
Ho Chi Minh



Ngo Dinh Diem

described him to me with unwilling admiration, *"Un homme pure comme Lucifer."*

When I met him (I had guaranteed that I would not publish the details of our conversation), it was in a small room in Bao Dai's former palace, over a cup of tea, and I could not believe him to be a figurehead. Another Minister was present, but a fallen Minister known to be *efface*. He was only there because I had asked to see him, and he sat silent like a small boy so long as Ho Chi Minh was with us. Dressed in khaki drill, with thick dark woolen socks falling over his ankles, Ho Chi Minh gave an impression of simplicity and candor, but overwhelmingly of leadership. There was nothing evasive about him: this was a man who gave orders and expected obedience and also love. The kind remorseless face had no fanaticism about it. A man is a fanatic about a mystery—tablets of stone, a voice from a burning bush, but this was a man who had patiently solved an equation. So much love had to be given and received, so many sacrifices demanded and suffered. Everything had contributed to the solution: a merchant ship, the kitchens of the Carlton Grill, a photographer's studio in Paris, a British prison in Hong Kong, as well as Moscow in the hopeful spring days of the Revolution, the company of Borodin in China.

"Let us speak as though we are at home," he said, and I wondered whether it was in the Carlton Grill that he had learned his easy colloquial English (only once did he fumble for a word). I am on my guard against hero worship, but he appealed directly to that buried relic of the schoolboy. When he put on his glasses to read a paper, bending a little down and sideways, shifting his English cigarette in long, bony, graceful fingers, the eyes twinkling at some memory I had stirred, I was reminded of Mr. Chips, wise, kind, just (if one could accept the school rules as just), prepared to inflict sharp punishment without undue remorse (and punishment in this adult school has lasting effect), capable of inspiring love.

I regretted I was too old to accept the rules or believe what the school taught. He was working 14 hours a day, but there was no sign of fatigue. He got up to return to work (the National Assembly was meeting the next day) and his socks flapped as he waved back at me from the doorway, telling me not to hurry, to stay as long as I liked, to have another cup of tea. I could imagine them flapping all across the school quad, and I could understand the loyalty of his pupils.

There was sadness and decay, of course, in Hanoi, as there couldn't help being in a city emptied of all the well-to-do. For such as I, there was sadness in the mere lack of relaxation: nothing in the cinemas but propaganda films, the only restaurants prohibitive in price, no cafe in which to while away the hours watching people pass. But the peasant doesn't miss the cafe, the restaurant, the French or American film—he's never had them. Perhaps even the endless compulsory lectures and political meetings, the hours of physical training, are better entertainment than he has ever known. We talk so glibly of the threat to the individual, but the anonymous peasant has never been treated so like an individual before. Unless a priest, no one before the Commissar has approached him, has troubled to ask him questions, or spent time in teaching him. There is something in Communism besides the politics.

I thought with more sympathy now of the Southern President, for in a Saigon where there is nothing else but politics he represents at least an idea of patriotism. He has some words in common with Ho Chi Minh as Catholicism has some words in common with Communism, but he is separated from the people by cardinals and police cars with wailing sirens and foreign advisers droning of global strategy, when he should be walking in the rice fields unprotected, learning the hard way how to be loved and obeyed—the two cannot be separated. One pictured him there in the Norodom Palace, sitting with his blank brown gaze, incorruptible, obstinate, ill-advised, going to his weekly confession, bolstered up by his relief that God is always on the Catholic side, waiting for a miracle. The name I would write under his portrait is the Patriot Ruined by the West.

US Navy men assist refugees disembarking at Saigon on the final phase of their flight from Communism

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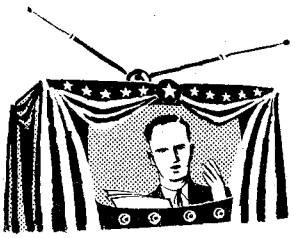

III. TELEVISION AND POLITICS

The High Cost of Campaigning

by Victoria Schuck

NOBODY knows exactly how much it costs to sell a Presidential or Congressional aspirant to America's voters, but everyone agrees that the advent of television has raised the ante considerably. The price of the 1952 election has been estimated at anywhere from $80 million to $200 million; whatever the true figure, 1956 will top it easily. Mysteriously enough, however, the total expenditures reported under federal law by all parties and labor in 1952 came to only about $20 million.

Sen. Thomas C. Hennings Jr. (D, Mo.) has now introduced a bill (S 636) which would take some of this Alice in Wonderland quality out of campaign financing by sealing up the rabbit holes down which political contributions seem to disappear every two years.

The need to eliminate secrecy, unfairness, and sheer dishonesty in filling, emptying and refilling campaign coffers has been recognized since the days when Mark Hanna presided over the Republican National Committee. In bringing McKinley, the Gold Standard and high tariffs to victory in 1896 and 1900, Hanna replaced the uncertainties of bi-annual political begging with a levy upon the carefully assessed financial capabilities of banks and corporations—so calculated and systematic indeed that he regularly returned any donation in excess of the party's levy. Congress eventually put an end to this pressure play by forbidding corporations to contribute anything to candidates for national office.

Almost every Congress since has seen the introduction of some kind of bill aimed at controlling political campaign gifts. Over the past half century, hundreds of bills and thousands of pages of testimony have been advanced in favor of strong restrictive measures. Committees of both houses—Rules, Privileges and Elections, and Judiciary, not to mention a Committee on Ethics—have repeatedly requested enforceable legislation. Congress has responded to these appeals with the 1925 Federal Corrupt Practices Act and the Hatch Act of 1939 and 1940. The expressed purpose of these measures is to limit the influence of large donors, make all financial transactions public and penalize violations. Their effects have been negligible.

This is not to imply that candidates are simply ignoring the law of the land. The fact is that they abide by it so meticulously that it has become meaningless. The present law, for instance, places a definite $3 million limit on what a national committee can spend. But interested special committees, volunteer committees and local committees, sprout and flourish during a Presidential contest, each one quite legitimately out to obtain its own $3 million on behalf of some favored nominee. Reports on the number of committees which operated in 1952 are as vague as reports on the amounts of money spent, but Republican estimates range from 5,000 to 75,000. On the basis of fragmentary information, it seems that in at least 12 states various groups of enthusiasts were spending a million or more dollars each.

Totally unaccounted for under the Hatch Act is the money expended on a candidate before and during national conventions. A close preconvention fight can cost a lot of money. The Chairman of the National Citizens for Eisenhower-Nixon told the Boggs Committee of the House in 1952 that his organization spent $1.2 million and that independent state clubs spent another million on Ike's behalf before he won the nomination.

What about House and Senate seats? Again the law seems to fix a ceiling: $25,000 for Senatorial and $5,000 for Congressional candidates. But again there is no limit on spending for primaries and nominating conventions. This is no small loophole. Opposing Senatorial hopefuls of the same party spent upwards of $800,000 apiece trying to get the Pennsylvania nomination in 1950. More was spent on primaries than on elections in 41 percent of the nation's Congressional districts that year.

ALL THIS is convenient for Southerners, northern New Englanders, and a few Midwesterners—all from one-party states—and for successful crossfilers in California. In 1952 Senate Republican Minority Leader Knowland emerged from a tight California primary with both parties' nominations and submitted an election expense listing of $0. In 1954 Senators Russell of Georgia, Ellender of Louisiana, Robertson of Virginia, and Smith of Maine were victorious at a recorded election cost of $0. Election campaigns that year cost Senator McClellan (D, Ark.) $37.50 and Senator Sparkman (D, Ala,) a reported $100. State laws are not much help in filling the gap left by the federal laws. Six states do not regulate nominations at all; of those that do, only Florida's statute is effective.

Even candidates from states where election day is meaningful submit extraordinarily modest reports of their expenditures. Of course, an aspirant is not accountable for a host of items—such as travel, printing, stationery, tele-

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phone calls and telegrams. The cost of radio and TV time would presumably be accounted for, along with the expense of other kinds of campaign propaganda like billboards, matches, nail files and vegetable seeds.

But since a candidate complies with the terms of the law by reporting only what he has personally spent or what has been spent "with his knowledge or consent," the outlay of any committee set up on his behalf is not his responsibility. Usually he files a brief list of personal costs; occasionally he may acknowledge the existence of a committee or two. Typical is the statement attached to Rep. Charles S. Gubser's (R, Calif.) report for 1954—totaling $633:

> A committee supporting my re-election has been formed and, I have reason to believe, is collecting funds. I have no direct knowledge or control of such funds nor have I authorized the collection of funds in my behalf.

While a candidate for the Senate is reporting a few hundred dollars in gifts and expenses, his campaign committee's statement may reveal that it has spent thousands on his campaign. And the figures a candidate files in Washington may bear slight resemblance to the figures he files with the Secretary of State back home if his state requires an accounting. Senator Kuchel's (R, Calif.) Washington report for 1954 was $14,055, his California report—$295,364.73; the Washington report of Samuel W. Yorty, his Democratic opponent, was $6,441.06, his California report—$16,936.90; Senator Saltonstall's (R, Mass.) Washington report was $19,249.75, his Massachusetts report—$90,873.13; his opponent, Foster Furcolo, recorded a figure of $12,925 in Washington and $65,479.08 back home. Rare is the Congressman who makes a full disclosure and attests to the fact as Sen. Paul Douglas (D, Ill.) did in 1954. Such a move is likely to penalize the candid individual, for the press invariably plays up the highest figures it can get.

In an effort to discourage "undue influence" on candidates by large contributors, the existing law slaps a fine on anyone who chips in more than $5,000 to the party slush fund; furthermore, in the early 1940's contributors of more than $3,000 became subject to a gift tax. But donors of $1,000 or more continue to make up from 50 to more than 75 percent of committee campaign chests.

With just a little imagination, large and wealthy families can aid their party substantially—and they do. A few years ago every member of one household, including an eight-year-old, made a separate gift to a well-liked politician. In 1952, seven Rockefellers delivered $21,000 to a Republican committee in a single month. A glimpse into the financing of the Taft campaign in 1950 reveals that three members of the Timken Roller Bearing Co. family contributed $3,000 apiece and the Pew family of Philadelphia got together $10,000 for the Taft fund. An individual who is eager to donate half a million dollars to a slate but doesn't have enough relatives to go round can simply give $5,000 apiece to each of the national committees and the state committees and the county committees working for his party.

Donors with a flair for intrigue can remain anonymous while "conduits" hand their dollars to the party treasurer. In 1948 Democratic Chief Counsel Welburn Mayock is reported to have channeled $30,000—part of a fee received for handling a client's internal revenue problems—to the Democratic National Committee via California friends: the chairman of the San Francisco County Central Committee co-operated by sending his personal check for $10,000 to the National Committee; two other friends forwarded checks for $5,000 and four others sent along $2,500 apiece. During the 1950 Taft-Ferguson Senatorial campaign, Cyrus Eaton of Cleveland admitted contributing $5,000 to the Ferguson committee; the remainder of his contribution—amounting to $30,000—was handled for him by seven business associates in checks of $5,000 and $2,500.

If the present law is easily avoided at election time, it is not even there to be avoided before elections. The celebrated Nixon fund of $18,325, which was revealed during the 1952 campaign as having paid for 41,500 Christmas cards, mailing address plates, stationery, travel, and his campaign manager's salary over the preceding two years, had obviously been aimed at cementing Nixon's relations with his constituents over the pre-election period. But the Hatch Act does not cover such preliminary softening up of the voters.

CURRENT reporting procedures are so disorganized that it is almost impossible to glean a coherent picture of campaign spending from the figures submitted. They overlap in listings of gifts and expenditures and are cluttered up by immaterial details. Neatly filed, sometimes tied with blue string, they are open to anybody who cares to drop in on the Clerk of the House or the Secretary of the Senate. But neither of these officers has authority to analyze or audit them or to call anyone's attention to possible discrepancies.

Members of Congress have, for some time, been disturbed by the unrealistic ceiling on their own campaign expenditures, which seems to necessitate loose reporting practices in the first place. Another worry is the increasing intrusion of supposedly "nonpolitical" organizations and committees into elections with bundles of "educational" material. A candidate can be hurt, for example, by newspaper ads printed against him "as a public service"; by the circulation of a house organ giving editorial backing to an opponent; or by a moneyed man's purchase of, say, 800,000 copies of an opposition book for free distribution among voters. The latter *did* happen.

These pressures, coupled with a general desire to institute more effective regulations in time for the 1956 elections, have inspired the Hennings bill. This is not its maiden appearance; Senator Hennings introduced it with Republican co-sponsorship in the last Congress, but

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it was ignored. Nor is it an original idea, its lineage being traceable at least to the Mansfield bill in the House in 1952 and the Gillette bill in the Senate the same year. In fact its principles date back to the thirties.

In general the Hennings bill aims at more exact reporting of campaign contributions and expenditures, at stricter accountability and at stiffer enforcement. Implicitly it aims at equalizing campaign expenditures.

First of all, the bill requires that financial transactions for the entire election process—primaries, conventions and elections—be reported. This will finally make accountable candidates in one-party and crossfiling states; it reflects the Supreme Court's 14-year-old decision that Congress can regulate primaries. Further, *all* political committees—national, state and local—which support Presidential candidates and *all* committees working for Congressional candidates will be covered. By requiring that a committee have a candidate's written authorization to raise and spend money on his behalf, the bill plugs up one of the largest loopholes in the present law. While a Presidential drafting committee is excepted from this regulation, it is subject to other reporting requirements.

The bill would allow each national committee to spend up to 20 cents a vote in Presidential contests, calculated on the basis of the highest number of votes cast in the preceding three elections. This would come to about $12.3 million in the 1956 campaign. A candidate for the House would be permitted to spend $12,500 in a primary and the same amount in the election; if he comes from a district of more than 125,000 voters, he may allow 10 cents a voter, but no more than $25,000 in each contest. Senatorial budgets would be similarly limited: $50,000 for a primary and the same for the election; in states with more than 500,000 voters, the expenditure would be calculated at 10 cents a voter, with $250,000 the limit for each contest. In other words, under the proposed new law a Congressional candidate could not spend more than $50,000 on both his primary and election fights together and a Senatorial candidate could not legally exceed $500,000 for the double battle.

The bill provides for uniform accounting; the Clerk of the House and the Secretary of the Senate are authorized to review reports and check compliance with the rules. They are also responsible for submitting summaries of the reports to the House Committee on Administration and the Senate Rules Committee, and for seeing to the periodic publication of these summaries. Enforcement is left to "appropriate law-enforcing agencies of the "government." Penalties are similar to those now in force—fines and imprisonment. That the local press may keep an eye on the financial transactions of hometown notables, the bill specifies that candidates and committees must file statements with their district courts.

Although it is certainly an improvement over the present muddled situation, the new bill is hardly all-embracing. No provision is made for equalizing the franking privilege (worth $250,000 to former Representative Yorty in the 1954 California Senatorial race), free TV time and facilities, the Library of Congress' invaluable research service, and other incumbent benefits.

As it now reads, the bill can scarcely encompass the Nixon-type fund; nor does it outlaw "conduits." It does not make clear whether the Justice Department is to be the enforcing agency, and the penalties it lays down do not seem stringent enough. The key requirement that candidates give pre-campaign approval to all activities carried on in their behalf by supporting groups may raise the question of freedom of speech and press. In allowing the national committees to budget an amount four times the present limit, the bill will give top party commands a proportionately larger share of the money available throughout the country and, hence, a proportionately greater say in the direction of campaigns.

Despite these omissions and uncertainties, however, the proposed measure is a step toward the realistic regulation of political spending. The growing cost of campaigning since the Hatch Act was passed in 1940 has led candidates to search for more and more ways to frustrate the intent of the law. Television—now our most important, and by far most expensive political weapon—has made the already old-fashioned laws totally obsolete and has forced federal office holders to face up to the existence of a dilemma of Ethics as well as of Politics.

$1,000-or-More Club

A summary of the number and size of individual contributions of $1,000 or more, as reported by various campaign committees of both parties for 1954.

Republicans

Contributions	Size of Gift	Total
407	$1,000	$ 407,000
26	1,500	39,000
63	2,000	126,000
25	2,500	62,500
48	3,000	144,000
18	5,000	90,000
151	other amounts*	565,584.30
738	←—— Total ——→	$1,434,084.30

Democrats

139	$1,000	$ 139,000
6	1,500	9,000
24	2,000	48,000
26	2,500	65,000
6	3,000	18,000
14	5,000	70,000
29	other amounts*	69,900
244	←—— Total ——→	$ 418,900

*Includes contributions varying between $1,000 and $5,000, as well as contributions—often totaling more than $5,000—by a single donor to two or more committees.

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ANALYSIS AND FAITH

How Close are Religion and Psychiatry in Their Approaches to Sin and Salvation?

BY WILLIAM H. ROBERTS

WHEN Freud horrified the Western world with his account of *the unconscious* and his description of the *libido* of little children, SIN, whether original or incurred, had all but disappeared from the sermons of popular preachers. Today as a result of his teachings, we doubt the reality, even the possibility, of virtue. Freud and the scientific psychologists agree with the religious evangelist that decency and righteousness are superficial and precarious. Extraordinary virtue is frequently a reaction against extremely wicked impulses. Good works often serve to disguise selfish ambition. Rationalization and projection disguise our real motives even from ourselves. We cannot even permit ourselves the pleasant relaxation of "a good conscience." If we can find nothing in our behavior or even in our thoughts for which we should blame ourselves, we are convinced that within *the unconscious* of every one of us lurks every manner of uncleanness and cruelty.

More and more the analyses of the problems that torment men, women and children, and the solutions that psychologists offer, are coming to resemble those proposed by priests and theologians. An astonishing number of the formulas and procedures of contemporary psychotherapy are very little more—it may be closer to the truth to say that they are very little less—than translations into the language of science in the *Twentieth* Century of teachings the Church has been proclaimed since the *First.*

No grim Puritan divine, no militant Father of the Church, ever described human nature in the raw in more horrific terms than did Freud, who called a baby a "polymorphous perverse." The Christian doctrine of original sin, even of total depravity, is paraded as a recent scientific discovery of the *libido* and *the unconscious.* Even the devils are back, as Jung observed, in the malignant *complexes* that torture men and women and even children. The modern devils are even more dangerous than earlier ones, since they have learned, we may suppose, to work from within the dark recesses of *the unconscious.*

The results of our rediscovery of sin are not matters for leisurely speculation. They are hard and terrible facts—hard as the hearts of Nazi torturers or Communist officials, terrible as the massacre at Lidice or the long agonies of Siberian work camps. The growing conviction that men are governed not by reason but by impulse, and that their impulses are almost all bad, is the basis of world-wide revolt against liberalism and democracy. If men cannot be led by discussion, they must, to paraphrase Robert Ingersoll, be driven by concussion.

But if animal drives in their crude forms cannot sustain civilization, radical reorganization is imperative. In Christian thinking such reorganization is called "conversion" or the "new birth." In this matter Freud seems to have been more Christian than the Christians. He demanded at least *two* conversions, one from "the pleasure principle" to "the fact or reality principle" and another from self love to "object love." Failure to undergo such conversions leads to neurotic or psychopathic personality.

The "second birth" like the first ordinarily involves

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tension and struggle. The process of reorganization seldom, if ever, runs with complete smoothness. Frequently there is need for skilled help; and here the techniques of psychotherapy and of "spiritual" counsel are basically similar. Both require confession, repentance, the surrender of self-will (egocentricity), the casting down of idols (what Adler so happily called "false goals"). When therapy of either variety is successful, the outcome is an experience of release, freedom, cleanness and heightened powers. The revivalist war whoop, "I'm saved, *saved,* SAVED!" is only a little more exuberant than the expressions of those "saved" by scientific techniques.

At its best, psychotherapy re-enacts, as the eminent theologian, Paul Tillich, has pointed out in *The Courage To Be,* one of the central Christian mysteries—that of justification by faith. The patient comes to the therapist principally because he cannot accept himself. He finds himself accepted, though he knows he is unacceptable. He is accepted not because he is good or lovable, but because he is in need. In the difficult, precarious and rarely complete transition from egocentricity or primitive Narcissism to object love and co-operation with one's fellows, the importance of right identifications cannot be overestimated. Christianity and Buddhism insist upon identification with all mankind, as wide as human need and deeper even than the natural craving for life and happiness. "The communion of saints," the realization that one *belongs* to a vast and glorious company of earth's choicest souls, world-wide and eternal in its membership and ministry, is a sustaining power.

So Thomas Traherne could write:

> You never enjoy the world aright till the sea itself flows in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars.

At the height of such experience, all feeling of separateness is dissolved, all conflict quieted. One is at rest, yet charged with energy. The mystic's identification with God, even more than a patriot's with his country or a humanitarian's with his cause, derives reinforcement and intensification from what Gerald Heard describes as "a vision of splendor so overwhelming that all considerations of safety are driven from the mind."

The realization of one's personal insignificance, by itself, would crush the one upon whom it dawns. The mystic is saved from that. He finds the sense of his insignificance liberating and exhilarating. Empty of self, he is gloriously filled with something immeasurably more satisfying. When it seems that he has lost his very life, he discovers that for the first time he is fully alive!

The old, old paradox is more than a religious oracle. It is a central principle of psychotherapy. The experiences of ordinary men and women differ from those of the mystics more in intensity and frequency than in kind. Mental disorders, so far as they are not the result of bodily infection or injury, have their origin in a petty and timid concern for self. The cure, when that is achieved, consists almost wholly in persuading the patient to forget himself and to take an interest in something else or in other persons.

As psychologists take over some of the functions of priests and ministers, they find themselves compelled to take over, too, some of the characteristics of those whom they are displacing. As they come to appreciate more fully the delicacy and difficulty of their task and the immensity of their responsibilities, Tillich's view is gaining acceptance that "only a priestly man can be a complete psychiatrist."

However shocked some psychiatrists, psychoanalysts and clinical psychologists may be at the suggestion that they are in any way "priestly," their training is deliberately designed to develop just those qualities of mind and heart that have always characterized priests and ministers at their best. To minister to human suffering and need, to awaken hope, to call forth courage and strengthen resolution, priests and psychiatrists must both develop an unflinching realism. Compassion must swallow up all horror or disgust. Both must have a deep faith in human beings and be able to see the possibilities of health, happiness and beauty that lie open. Both must be able to speak with confidence, won from their own victories over confusion, doubt and weakness.

THE convergence of psychology and religion is ground for the expectation that each will enrich the other. Psychology can serve religion by clarifying certain religious ideas. It cannot as yet promise "eternal life," but it can document convincingly Saint Paul's pronouncement that "the wages of sin is death," that very few of us are fully alive, that most of us are all but "dead in trespasses and sins."

We fail to win happiness or peace, because we carry about with us burdens of guilt, shame, hate, envy and fear. Because we cannot fully identify ourselves with our fellows, or strive for what Adler called "true goals," we live in fear. The witches' broth of fears, hatreds and greeds forces great nations into ever more devastating wars, and within nations sets class against class. The vast collective neurosis into which Freud saw civilization hurrying will serve very well as a modern version of hell.

Religion can contribute as much to psychology as psychology to religion. It is immensely to the credit of religion that it has insisted that human motivation is a far more complex affair than biologically oriented psychologists have been inclined to allow. It voices also its protest against immature and over-simplified programs for integrating activity and emotion around inadequate principles.

For "God" and "The Kingdom of Heaven," we must admit, the language of science has at present no equivalents. It may be, however, that in time men will succeed in translating the symbols of which religion makes use into the more precise terms that will serve the purposes of scientific discourse.

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GREGORY ZILBOORG

"Scientific Positivism Cannot Be Identified with Calvinistic Theory."

MR. ROBERTS' brevity may be responsible for the lack of consistency and coherence in his treatment of such vital and nowadays such popular topics as psychiatry, psychotherapy and religion, and religious ministry. It is not clear at times whether he speaks with his tongue in his cheek, or with a credulity which neither modern psychology nor a real scientific outlook would justify: because of the discovery of the unconscious "we doubt the reality, even the possibility of virtue," because "virtue is a reaction against wicked impulses." I am sure that on proper reflection Mr. Roberts would wish to withdraw this statement; for it is not true that only the unconscious impulses are to be considered "our real motives." Why elevate our unbridled unconscious impulses to the dignity of reality, and overlook the fact that there is conscience, and the striving toward good? Is not the unconscious *un*conscious because we *repress* it, *i.e.,* because we reject it? Why is this rejection less real? If I am hungry and want a piece of bread but refrain from eating one because I must keep my intake of starches low, why should I consider my craving for bread more real than my power to resist this craving?

I am a little uncertain whether Mr. Roberts deliberately omits as an *un*reality the potent factor of sublimation—or just forgot momentarily about this great reality. I am equally uncertain whether he omits deliberately Freud's emphasis on *logos* and reason and deliberately implies that the impulsive part of man is the only part recognized by Freud, or psychiatry, or psychoanalysis. I do not understand his reference to the "revivalist war whoop" of being saved and the "exuberant expression of those 'saved' by scientific technique." There is a bit of the vulgar parallelism of certain fanatical detractors in this, rather than real meaning. I am certain that Mr. Roberts meant something here which he did not succeed in saying.

His psychology is not less uncertain than his theology, it seems. He speaks, for instance, of "the mystic's identification with God." There is not a psychiatrist who would assume the existence of such an identification. There is not a mystic who would claim such an identification. Certain psychotics do make such claims; they are mentally ill megalomaniacs, but they are neither saints nor mystics. I am not a theologian, of course, and yet I think I have a right to say that I doubt the truth of the assertion that present-day psychology represents, even in part, a "translation into the language of the 20th Century of the teaching of the Church in the *First* Century." The languages, the voices of these two extreme centuries are different, and no amount of verbal concordism will make them alike. Moreover, when Mr. Roberts speaks of "convergence of psychology and religion," he certainly cannot mean complete coincidence or concordance. It is true that Paul Tillich is a profound theologian, and that he thinks that the real psychiatrist is "a priestly man," but the scientific positivism which modern psychology represents cannot be identified with a sort of Calvinistic theory of human nature which Mr. Roberts seems to suppose to be the teaching of Christianity and of Freud. Aristotle had a more optimistic view on human nature, and it is Aristotle rather than the perverted Plato of Calvin who *is* the true philosopher of Christianity.

C. G. JUNG

"Human Nature Does Not Yield Easily to Idealistic Advice."

THERE IS little to criticize in Mr. Roberts' article, since its author is obviously a man of good will and optimistic enthusiasm. Moreover, he points in the right direction, and he gives proper value to man's mental and moral attitude. He hopes and believes, it seems to me, that saying the right and good thing will be enough to produce the desired effect. Unfortunately, human nature is a bit more complicated and does not yield easily to a well-meaning hint or to idealistic advice.

It always has been and still is the great question how to get the ordinary human to the point where he can make up his mind to draw the right conclusion and to do the right thing, or how to make him listen at all. His moral and mental inertia and his notorious prejudices are the most serious obstacle to any moral or spiritual renaissance. If he had been inclined to resist the overwhelming impact of his emotional entanglements, passions and desires, and to put a stop to the haste and rush of his daily activities, and to try at least to get out of his lamentable yet cherished unconsciousness about himself, the world and its sad history of intrigue, greed, violence and cruelty would have reached a state of peace and humanity long before Christ—in the time of a Buddha or Socrates. But to get him there, that's just the trouble.

It is perhaps a good idea to liberate man from all inhibitions and prejudices that hamper, torment and disfigure him. But the question is less to liberate from something, than rather, as Nietzsche asked, to which end? In certain cases it looks as if one, in getting rid of his inhibitions and burdens, had "thrown away one's best." Liberation can be a good or a very bad solution. It largely depends upon the choice of one's further goal, whether the liberation has been a boon or a fatal mistake.

I don't want to go further into the complexities of this problem, and moreover it would be unfair to criticize the author for something he obviously is not aware of, *viz.* the fact that this formulation of the problem dates from about 40 years ago. Since that time, a voluminous literature thoroughly dealing with the point in question has

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come into existence. I don't know which circumstances have prevented the author from informing himself about the more modern developments in the discussion between Religion and Psychology. In view of Freud's notorious inability to understand religion, the reader would have welcomed, if not expected, a summary at least of the main work done along this line during the past four decades. Good will and enthusiasm are not to be underrated, but ignorance is regrettable.

A. POWELL DAVIES

"Only Converge Where Religious Orthodoxy Is Abandoned"

THE EQUATION of modern psychological categories with traditional theological ones is superficial and misleading. Libido, for instance, means the elemental emotional energy of the human animal, which at that level is neither innocent nor guilty, whereas original sin means corrupted innocence. The only common ground of modern psychology and Christian dogma is that both deal with similar emotional conditions. But they deal with them quite differently. Religion and psychiatry can only converge where religious orthodoxy is abandoned and its sanctions replaced by psychological empiricism. The thesis of this article is ingenious and plausible from the viewpoint of theology. But I should think it would be infuriating from the standpoint of psychiatry.

EDITH WEIGERT

"I Have Never Met a Genuinely Irreligious Person."

DURING 30 years of work in the field of psychoanalysis I, too, have observed the gradual convergence which Mr. Roberts has described. This convergence must stem from a human need that transcends conscious intentions. It was not planned by Sigmund Freud, the ingenious creator of psychoanalysis, the agnostic scientist who aimed at deeper understanding and cure of neurotic misery.

Psychoanalytic therapy reintroduced into the haste and chaotic confusion of daily living in this Western culture an element of meditative self-scrutiny which is so woefully missing in the noisy struggle for survival. In their work, psychiatrist and patient withdraw from this noise to explore in the stream of "free associations," dreams and fantasies the inner motivations and the impact of the hard world upon them. This unflinching self-scrutiny lends a new depth to the traditional ritual of confession which has to be more than a ritual in order to prepare the way for a renewed dedication to life. To decide whether or not this renewal takes on the form of a spiritual rebirth, lies beyond the competence of the psychiatrist.

If we call religion the need for absolute dependence, then I have never in my life met a genuinely irreligious person. Whenever we are able to investigate the repressed unconscious thoroughly enough, we discover in every person a deep need for security. The neurotic as well as the "adjusted" individual, the believer as well as the agnostic, all of them are only too eager to be "saved," to be accepted by a God who comforts them and their friends and destroys their foes. Man in his anxiety grasps for insufficient means of salvation, he reaches for pleasures and distractions, he strives for possessions and power, for an opportunistic social adjustment and conformity to parochial authorities. All this striving for transient goals is partially dictated by human anxiety and despair. These self-centered defenses against the inner hell of anxiety are insufficient, since they do not abolish man's suffering from fundamental loneliness and the meaninglessness of his existence. But this very suffering, whether it be called sin in traditionally religious self-condemnation, or guilt, inadequacy, immaturity in more secular terms, this very suffering indicates the human yearning for an all-embracing integration, for a peace which transcends human understanding. Whether this "Kingdom of Heaven" can be rediscovered in the anxious human soul does not depend on the good will of the patient or the serious training of the psychiatrist alone; the unflinching self-scrutiny of the analytic process can remove the obstacles of illusions and self-deification which prevent a courageous acceptance of the hardships of reality. However, reality may remain the merciless necessity to which man succumbs in defiant or disheartened compulsion. The search for truth implies the hope for and the faith in a liberation from this compulsion, a freeing of human energies for voluntary commitment to the ultimate values of life; for such commitment provides a more enduring happiness than fleeting pleasures or transient securities. Neither the scientist nor the theologian possesses the liberating truth. The God of theology, the ultimate Reality which the scientist is seeking, transcends human understanding. Both the theologist and the psychiatrist remain dependent on what religion calls the Grace of God.

JOHN R. CAVANAGH

"We Need Both Professions . . . Neither Is Likely to Eliminate the Other."

TOO FREQUENTLY, when one tries to find out what Professor Roberts is actually saying, one runs into difficulty. As an example, take this sentence:

. . . SIN . . . had all but disappeared from the sermons of popular preachers.

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I will agree that one who preaches about sin is never popular, but this is not what the Professor says. If he really means what the words mean, then what he says is inaccurate. The statement makes no sense whatever if the author is using the word sin (I wonder if I should also put it in capitals?) in the sense of a transgression of the moral law.

One needs to merely scan the works of such popular 19th Century Protestant preachers as Henry Ward Beecher or William Ellery Channing (to name only two) to find there exhortations to follow the path of good conduct and to avoid the pitfalls of evil. Neither did the Catholic preachers of this period ignore the reality of sin. The work of St. Alphonsus entitled *Preparation for Death* was translated into English at this time as the Oratorian Series of the *Lives of the Saints.* While one might question the literary or historical value of this series, they left no doubt about the penalty for sin and the reward for virtue.

Perhaps Professor Roberts is using the word *sin* in a restricted sense. It may be that he is using it in the sense in which it was used by the Puritan divines. The Puritans ascribed damnation to a large part of unregenerate mankind. If this is what is meant it could be stated more clearly.

Also in the first paragraph, Professor Roberts says:

. . . we doubt the reality, even the possibility of virtue.

Here we have the same problem of lack of clarity of expression. We may call the virtues by different names than they were called in Victorian days but most of us admire them in others and desire them for ourselves.

For example, may I quote briefly from G. Pierse's *Virtues and Vices*:

> The world which has made trial [of the virtues] reintroduces them by new names. It still admires pluck in the hunting field or battle plain: what used to be called fortitude. It praises judgment in its sportsmen and explorers: what used to be called prudence. The world does not speak much of temperance, but it still believes in self-control. And it has to admire fair play: even its gamblers felt the necessity of a square deal. . . . Thus they may expel virtue or morality by one door; it returns by another. As long as human nature endures it will need virtues, call them by any new or old name.

Perhaps the Professor means "people generally doubt the reality of virtue nowadays but this is not true because psychiatrists are trying to make their patients behave in a way which, in the old days, would have been called virtuous."

Or perhaps the expression means "we no longer accept the wisdom there was in the procedure of the priest or minister." The expression could mean any of these and perhaps others.

Still in the first paragraph we read:

. . . decency and righteousness are superficial and precarious.

I am not sure how *superficial* fits in here except to balance the sentence. If, however, the Professor means by *precarious* that a man must maintain a constant guard against his lower impulses, I would certainly agree. The whole purpose of ascetical training and spiritual direction is to establish in a human being a ready disposition and habit to incline his appetites toward what is good and away from what is harmful to his ultimate personal end. After all, the lower appetites in man have an inclination toward their own proper object. But *all* of these appetites must be co-ordinated by reason in the emotionally mature individual.

. . . Within the unconscious of every one of us lurks every manner of uncleanness and cruelty.

If we are using the expression *the unconscious* to mean "the sum total of dispositions, experiences and memories of the mind" (VanderVeldt and Odenwald) then we can say that the dispositions of the body would endanger a state of uncleanness if they were not regulated by reason —as I commented above. What was said there would also apply here. The tenor of the whole first paragraph of Professor Roberts' article implies that *the unconscious* was wholly unrecognized as such until the time of Freud.

There are a few points of contact between Freud and religion, but let us not try to say that they *wholly* agree. They do not. They disagree on many vital points, the question of the freedom of the will being a good example. However, Professor Roberts may be in agreement with Freud on this point because he says:

. . . men are governed not by reason but by impulse.

The recent trend in the literature which tries to prove Freud was a religious man verges on farce.

So much for a specific criticism. Before closing, however, I feel compelled to comment on Professor Roberts' main error. He seems to feel that psychology and religion are synonymous. The primary function of the priest and the psychologist is in no way similar. They both deal with the soul, it is true. The priest ministers to the soul in its relations with God. The psychologist (psychiatrist) has as his primary function the treatment of illness which results from the disturbed function of the soul. Admittedly, there are some limited areas in which their duties may overlap, as for example, in marriage counseling, but these areas are not in the primary function of either. Implicit in the whole article is the impression that religion is nothing more than a psychotherapeutic method designed by man to satisfy his needs. In this, Professor Roberts follows Freud, for whom he expresses much admiration.

Please do not misunderstand my comments. I believe that there is much that psychiatry could learn from the clergy. This is religion, however, and not psychology. It could learn that there is a God who watches over us. It could learn that immorality never leads to peace of soul. It could learn that the Sacrament of Penance has more than a cathartic value. It could learn that men are destined for another life. It could learn the value of

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prayer and the efficacy of grace. It could learn that man has a free will. It could learn much more even than this. But we need *both* professions and neither is likely to eliminate the other. Professor Roberts' confusion on the role proper to each of these professions is not confined to psychologists. Members of the clergy have also confused them. I would highly recommend that each of us will do better if he stays within his own proper field.

ERICH FROMM

"The Psychoanalyst's Instrument Is His Own Person."

I BELIEVE, indeed, that the psychoanalyst, psychiatrist or clinical psychologist must develop in his personality certain human and spiritual qualities which enable him to give hope to a person who is suffering, and to have authority with a person who is confused—and the mentally sick person is both suffering and confused. The surgeon's instrument is a knife, and it must be kept clean and sharp. The psychoanalyst's instrument is his own person, and in order to fulfill his professional obligation, his own person must be kept clean and sharp. It is not enough to have studied psychoanalysis, and even his own didactic psychoanalysis can be only the beginning of a constant effort to achieve an increasing capacity for love and reason, for compassion and sober judgment. If the psychoanalyst wants to succeed in this, quite obviously it is something which must be practiced throughout his life, and with regard to all his human relationships. The professional preparation of the psychoanalyst must be constant, just as the practice of any art must be a constant one, and it must begin and continue with the development of his own personality in *all* spheres of his life.

I think that Mr. Roberts has touched upon central issues of the problem in his article.

KARL MENNINGER

"Psychoanalysts Are Indeed Serving In a Sense as Priests."

MR. ROBERTS' . . . first few paragraphs are so charged with journalese exaggerations and misstatements that they ill-prepared me for the excellent content of the remainder.

Just to be systematic about it, let me point out that it is a considerable question whether Freud *horrified* the Western world, but let us waive that. He did NOT describe the "libido of little children." (Libido is something which Jung described.) Whether or not "sin had disappeared from sermons" circa 1900, I don't know, but I am skeptical.

Next I question Mr. Roberts' authority for saying that "We doubt the reality of virtue as a result of Freud's teaching." Who are "we," if you please? (Don't count me in!) If Mr. Roberts is talking about himself and his non-Freudian friends, why blame that on Freud?

"Freud and the scientific psychologists," he says (and who, by the way, are the unscientific psychologists?), "agree with the religious evangelist" (who is he?) "that decency and righteousness are superficial and precarious." To this statement please add *in some people* or else omit both the scientific and the unscientific psychologists.

"Extraordinary virtue is frequently a reaction against extremely wicked impulses." Well, thank God for that! I mean, thank God that there is a reaction *against* it and that the "extremely wicked impulses" don't get expressed. What has the professor proved by this conundrum?

The second paragraph of this article is not far off but the third one dives into trouble again. Freud didn't call any names and "perverse" is an adjective, not a noun. He said that polymorphous perversity characterized the pleasures of the baby rather than concentrated organ preference. This is another way of saying that neither the penis nor any other organ of the little child is of exclusively pre-eminent importance—not even the mouth.

As for "complexes that torture men and women"—no one in psychiatry and psychology uses the expression "complex" in this sense and hasn't done so for 25 years!

After this bad start, Mr. Roberts really goes to town. Perhaps I particularly enjoyed his emphasis on the fact that many psychoanalytic concepts are strictly comparable with religious and theoretical concepts, the difference being that psychoanalytic concepts are by definition subject to testing, amending and replacement. I realize that many religious leaders feel that religious concepts are also capable of growth and development but, on the other hand, this is a disturbing thought to other, no doubt equally devout, people of his profession. Mr. Roberts is entirely right when he says that some psychiatrists and psychoanalysts may be startled (I like that better than "shocked") at the suggestion that they are considered priestly, but they are indeed serving in a sense as priests, and like them, must be able to speak with the confidence borne of a personal victory. This is, I believe, quite true.

CHARLES R. STINNETTE

"Prescribed Therapy in Both Fields Bears Much Similarity."

FOR THE most part I agree with Mr. Roberts' analysis and believe that it will be worthwhile in stimulating discussion. His basic claim that dynamic psychology and classic theology are concerned with the same problems is unmistakably true. Gregory Zilboorg pin-pointed this observation some years ago when he identified as "original sin" Freud's discovery in every man of "the precipi-

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tate of the Oedipus complex—man's perennial unconscious sense of guilt." It is also true that the prescribed therapy in both fields bears much similarity.

What Mr. Roberts does brilliantly is to show that many of the complex functions of the personality which are now described in "scientific" terms have been observed and described before in religious literature. This is not surprising in view of the fact that the Church has been in the business of profound therapy for more than two thousand years. Even the scientists will agree that man, medicine and religion have been rather fundamentally related in the past.

There are several impressions which I get from this article which may not be universally accepted:

1. Although Freud's name is rightly venerated as a superb clinician and discoverer of the unconscious, etc., his concern with such ultimate realities as tragedy, meaning or meaninglessness and death instincts do not please all those who write in this field. I hope that Mr. Roberts will stir them up, although I can hear them saying that this was an "unfortunate side" to Freud's thinking.

2. Roberts equates "conversion" in the religious sense with psychological conversion—by which he means growth toward maturity. Now the approach is the same, *i.e.*, profound self-searching, and the follow-up may be similar with counsel and help. But as Otto Rank held, religion is "a spontaneous therapy." It depends on a faith-trust conversion in which the whole self is given over in response to God. The crucial action is God's—not man's—not even his calculated actions to help himself.

3. While I agree that psychotherapy re-enacts justification by faith, I am not so sure that this involves what seems to be a kind of mystic emptying of self as Roberts describes it. Indeed it might be just the opposite, with man claiming both his responsibility and this helplessness —a St. Paul then confessing "Who shall save me?"

REUEL L. HOWE

"Keep the Lines of Communication Open with One Another"

THE ARTICLE by Mr. Roberts is so provocative it might well drive both psychotherapists and theologians into a defensive position in relation to one another. This would be unfortunate because then the representatives of the two fields would find it less easy to increase the common understandings necessary to their complementary functions. Both theologians and medical men have "yahwistic" tendencies that each need to discipline in order that each may be instruments of the love and will of God.

Sometimes our interprofessional dialogue seems to suggest that there are different and unrelated truths—theological truth, psychotherapeutic truth, political truth. We need to remind ourselves that truth is one and whole, that our respective fields of study and practice are finite doorways into the fulness of truth that is always beyond us.

There are important differences and disagreements, however. If these are ignored and the pretense made that they do not matter both psychotherapists and theologians would rightly take defensive positions. While it is true that both stress the importance of relationship, there is a great difference between the understanding of the psychotherapist and that of the theologian as to the nature and dimension of relationship. One thinks primarily in terms of man to man, and the other in terms of man to man in relation to God. One thinks in terms of adjustment, the other in terms of salvation. One thinks in terms of man working out his salvation and the other thinks in terms of salvation being accomplished for man by God. The theologian accepts the will of God as the source of salvation and the psychotherapist is apt to regard the will of God as authoritarian and destructive rather than saving in its effect upon man.

Both of us are concerned with the suffering of man, and we are both sent to the sick. We both have a role, and those roles are interrelated. The psychotherapist has a role that is useful in relation to that of the priest, and the priest's function is often dependent upon that of the psychotherapist. Both are concerned with the problems of anxiety. As Paul Tillich has pointed out, the psychotherapist is concerned with pathological anxiety and the priest is concerned with existential anxiety. Where existential anxiety is complicated by pathological anxiety, the need of the priest for the assistance of the psychotherapist is real. The psychotherapist, because he has to deal with pathological anxiety in the context of existential anxiety needs to recognize that his function is dependent upon the priest's: But the theologian needs to recognize that the therapist cannot function without in some sense being a minister, and the therapist must accept the fact that the minister is always in some sense a therapist. Because of the mutuality of our concerns, we should do everything possible to keep the lines of communication open with one another.

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SPRING LITERARY REVIEW

The Stature of Anton Chekhov

by Thomas Mann

When Anton Chekhov died in Badenweiler in July 1904 of tuberculosis of the lungs, I was a young man who had embarked upon literature with some short stories and a novel which owed a great deal to the art of fiction in nineteenth-century Russia. Yet I seek in vain today to recall the impression made upon me then by the death of the Russian writer only fifteen years my senior. My mind is a blank. For, like the rest of my countrymen, I was little familiar with Chekhov's work.

What were the causes of this ignorance? Speaking for myself, it was probably because I was under the spell of the *magnum opus,* fascinated by those monumental epics, which are the fruit of sustained inspiration for I worshipped the great achievers like Balzac, Tolstoy, and Wagner, and it was my dream to emulate them if I could. Whereas Chekhov (like Maupassant, whom by the way I knew much better) confined himself to the modest dimensions of the short story; and this did not call for heroic endurance throughout years and decades, but could be tossed off by some happy-go-lucky artist in a day or two or a week or two, at most. I felt a certain disdain for this, hardly realizing then that genius can be bounded in a nutshell and yet embrace the whole fulness of life by virtue of a brevity and terseness deserving the highest admiration. Such works attain to full epic stature and can even surpass in intensity the great towering novels which inevitably flag at times and subside into noble boredom. If I understood that better in later life than in my youth, this was largely owing to my growing intimacy with Chekhov's art; for his short stories rank with all that is greatest and best in European literature.

Speaking more generally, it seems to me that Chekhov was under-estimated for so long in western Europe, and in Russia too, because of his extremely sober, critical, and doubting attitude towards himself—a most disarming quality which however, far from inspiring respect, set a bad example to the world at large. For the opinion we have of ourselves is not without influence on the picture which our fellow-men make of us; it colors their notions and may falsify them. This short-story teller was for too long convinced of the slightness of his gifts and of his lack of artistic distinction. Until the end he had nothing of the literary grand seigneur about him, still less of the prophet or the sage, unlike Tolstoy who looked down on Chekhov amicably and, according to Gorki, saw in him "an excellent, quiet, *modest* creature."

There is something disconcerting in such praise from a man whose colossal conceit did not fall short even of Wagner's. Chekhov would probably have repaid it with a calm, polite, ironical smile. For politeness and dutiful veneration mixed with some irony character-

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ized Chekhov's attitude to the great man of Yasnaya Polyana; and at times the irony developed into open rebellion; not of course in his personal intercourse with that overpowering personality, but in letters to third persons. On his return from his self-sacrificing journey to the exiles' island of Sakhalin (a descent into hell if ever there was one), he wrote:

> What a sour and sullen fellow I should be now if I had remained between my four walls. Before my journey for instance I regarded Tolstoy's *Kreutzer-sonata* as a great event; now on the other hand it seems to me silly and absurd.

Tolstoy's imperial but also questionable prophetic airs got on his nerves. "May the devil take the philosophy of the great ones of this earth!" he wrote. "All the great sages are as despotic as generals, and as uncivil as generals, too, because they are convinced of their impunity." That was chiefly aimed at Tolstoy's abuse of doctors as worthless scoundrels. For Chekhov was a doctor, a doctor by passionate conviction, a man of science, and of faith in science; he believed science to be one of the forces making for progress, the great antagonist of scandalous conditions, since it enlightens the heads and the hearts of men.

In short he was a positivist—from modesty; a simple servant of remedial truth, who never for a moment laid claim to any of the liberties taken by the great.

His long-persisting doubts of himself as an artist extended, in my opinion, beyond the self to literature altogether. Literature, to use his own words, was his mistress; whereas science was his lawfully-wedded wife, in whose presence he felt guilty of unfaithfulness because of his love for the other. Hence the exhausting journey to Sakhalin, endangering his already weakened constitution, and his report of the fearful conditions prevailing on the island, a report which caused a sensation and actually resulted in some reforms. Hence, too, his tireless activity as a country doctor which kept pace with his literary work; the administration of the district hospital of Svenigorod near Moscow; the fight against the cholera which he conducted in Molichovo, his own small property. Meanwhile his fame as an author was growing, but he viewed this skeptically, with conscience-stricken modesty. "Am I not bamboozling the reader," he asked, "and throwing dust in his eyes? For after all I am unable to answer the really vital questions."

His allotted span of life was short. He was only twenty-nine years of age when the first symptoms of tuberculosis declared themselves; he was a doctor; he knew what that meant, and one cannot help wondering if his foresight as to the brevity of his guest performance here below did not contribute its quota to that strange modesty of his, that skeptical, infinitely winning and unobtrusive humility which continued to characterize his spiritual and artistic bearing as a whole, including even the instinct to turn it to account as a typical feature of his art and as the peculiar magic of his existence. Twenty-five years—that was roughly the time allowed him for his creative life; and truly he made full use of it; for a good 600 stories bear his name, not a few of which have the compass of the long short story; and there are masterpieces, such as *Ward Number Six,* among them. In this tale a doctor, sickened by the stupidity and wretchedness of the world of normal men, becomes so friendly with an interesting madman that the world judges him to be mad himself and locks him up. This story of eighty-seven pages, written in 1892, makes no direct accusation; but it is so frighteningly symbolic of the debasement of humanity under the decline of autocracy that young Lenin said to his sister:

> When I had finished that story yesterday evening, I found that it positively haunted me. I couldn't stay in my room. I got up and went out. I felt as if I myself were locked up in Ward Number Six.

But, if references are to be made and praises bestowed, then I must certainly mention *A Tedious Tale,* for it is my favorite among all Chekhov's stories, an outstandingly fascinating work which for gentleness, sadness, and strangeness has no equal in the literary world. It is an astonishing production; if for no other reason, because this tale, allegedly "tedious" yet actually overwhelming, is put into the mouth of an old man by a young man of thirty with the utmost sympathy and understanding. The hero is a world-renowned scholar with the rank of a general, an Excellency, who often calls himself by that title in his confessions. "My Excellency," he says, adding, as it were, an inaudible "Good Lord!" or "Dear me!" For, high though he stands in the official hierarchy, he stands high enough spiritually for self-critical and altogether critical mind to regard his fame and the veneration shown him as ludicrous; and to despair in the depths of his soul because his life, so full of honors, has always lacked a spiritual center, a "central idea," and that therefore at bottom it has been a life without sense and without hope. He writes:

> Every feeling and every thought lives an isolated existence in my mind; and the most experienced analyst will not discover in my judgments on science, the theatre, literature, etc., etc., what people call a central idea, or the God of living men. And if that is lacking, there is nothing but the void . . . It is not in the least surprising therefore

The Snake River in August

TURN, river, giving the land the length of yourself
As you mouth a leaf that hardly has green in its grey.
Your blue is rushing.
And river, turn, as the land gives desert way to
Your touch at reeds grown greener as they sway.
Your blue is rushing.
Your curves lie to this land in just the way,
Giver of green, as hips that touch a doorway.
Your blue is rushing.
Greener of sills, your tumble is potential
Of little streams in the mountains far away.
Your blue is rushing.

REUEL DENNEY

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that the last months of my life have been darkened by thoughts and feelings worthy of a slave and a barbarian and that indifference is now my portion. For if something higher and stronger than all external circumstances does not inform the life of a man, then indeed a common cold is enough to disturb his equilibrium; and all his pessimism or optimism together with his great and little thoughts are merely symptoms and nothing else. I am defeated. Why, then, should I continue to think or to argue? No, I shall simply sit and wait for what is coming in silence.

"And my ending is despair"; Prospero's last words keep on recurring to the mind when reading the confessions of Nikolai Stepanovitch, so old and so famous, who says: "But as it happens, I fail to love the popularity of my name. I am afraid it has deceived me." Anton Chekhov was not old, he was young when he put those words into the mouth of the general; but he had not very long to live; and perhaps that was why he was able to anticipate the mood of old age with such incredible, uncanny prescience. "I fail to love the popularity of my name." For Chekhov, too, did not love his increasing fame; he felt "for some inexplicable reason uneasy about it." Was he not deceiving his readers by dazzling them with his talent, since he was "unable to answer the really vital questions"? "A conscious life without a definite philosophy of life," he wrote to a friend, "is no life at all, but a burden and a nightmare." In *A Tedious Tale,* Katya, the ward of the famous scholar, turns to him in vain. She has suffered shipwreck as an actress; and she, the one human being whom he still cares for, loving her with the secret tenderness of old age, asks him in her helplessness and distress: "What shall I do? Answer me, Nikolai Stepanovitch, I implore you. What shall I do?" And the only answer he can give is this: "I don't know, Katya, Upon my honor, I don't know." Then she leaves him. The question: "What is to be done?" haunts Chekhov's writings at every turn in a deliberately confused way which even borders on the ludicrous because of the odd, helpless, stilted manner in which his characters indulge in fruitless speculations on the subject of this vital question. The truth about life which this author felt it his bounden duty to proclaim devalues the very ideas and opinions which he has his figures argue and fight about. That truth is by nature ironical.

With the working class Chekhov had no contact at all and he never studied Marx. He was not a workers' poet like Gorki. But he found accents for his haunting chagrin in the face of existing conditions which went to the heart of his people, as for instance in *The Peasants,* that great and awful social document. During a religious festival, a sacred image, "The Giver of Life," is carried round in a procession from village to village. A vast concourse of villagers and visitors, surrounded by dust and noise, streams out to meet it; they all stretch out their hands towards it, gazing at it ardently and calling out with tears: "Our Protectress! Our Mother!":

> It was as if all of them suddenly understood that there was something else besides empty space between earth and heaven, that the rich and the mighty had not snatched everything away, that there was still some protection against injuries and wrongs, against slavish oppression, against deep, unbearable misery, and against the fearful evil of drink . . . "Our Protectress. Our Mother!" But hardly was the ceremony over and the sacred image borne away, than everything went on in the same old way as before, and coarse, drunken voices were heard again from the inn.

The compassion and the bitterness ("everything went on in the same old way") are typical of Chekhov; and I am inclined to think that his popularity, so strikingly manifested at his death and burial in Moscow, had its roots in descriptions of this nature. This manifestation caused a "loyal" newspaper to remark that Anton Pavlovitch must have belonged to the "stormy petrels of the Revolution."

He did not look like a stormy petrel, nor like a moujik turned genius, nor yet like Nietzsche's pale criminal. The portraits show a slightly built man dressed in the fashion of the day: a starched collar, a pince-nez on a narrow cord, a short pointed beard, regular, rather suffering features and a melancholy regard. His features express intelligent attention, modesty, scepticism, and kindness. They betray no symptoms of a stormy inner life, either; it is almost as if he were too modest to entertain such passions; there is no sign in his life that he ever felt passionately about a woman; and his biographers are of the opinion that he, who could describe love so well, never experienced erotic rapture. Yet he married none the less, three years only before his death, a marriage which came to pass as a result of his happy relationship with the Moscow Art Theatre and his friendship with Stanislavski; for the bride-elect was the gifted actress Olga Knipper. His letters to her have been preserved, written in his own hand; and they too are wary in the extreme of emotion and keep to a whimisically ironical tone.

These last years in the Crimea, where his health forced him to reside and where the Art Theatre visited him *en bloc* to play his pieces to him, were perhaps the happiest of his life, owing to his marriage, his friendship with Gorki, and the honor of Tolstoy's company; for the latter would spend periods of convalescence from time to time in a castle near Yalta. In addition the invalid rejoiced like a child over his election to honorary membership in the literary section of the Petersburgh Academy of Science. But when, two years later, Gorki's membership was rejected by the Government because of his radical views, Chekhov, like Korolenko, resigned as a protest. His last story was "The Bride" (1903) and his last play *The Cherry Orchard;* and in these works, calmly facing the coming dissolution and refusing to make much ado even about his illness and death, he left us with a message of hope. His life's work, which made no claim to the monumental dimensions of the epic, nevertheless enfolds the whole of Russia, that vast country where eternal nature exists side by side with the hopelessly unnatural conditions of its pre-revolutionary social fabric. "The insolence and idleness of the strong; the ignorance of the weak vegetating like animals—and everywhere incredible poverty, affliction, degeneration, drunkenness, hypocrisy and lying . . ." But the nearer the end approached, the more affectingly the inner light of faith in the future played round the dark picture; and ever more brightly and warmly a poet's loving gaze embraced a coming communion of proud, free, and active human beings, "new, noble, and reasonable patterns of life on whose threshold we are perhaps already standing and whose shape we sometimes foresee."

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*Canto XVIII**

by Louis MacNeice

LAMENT for the Makers. Monday comes; at noon
Gwilym died in New York; if it was late
For his strange kind of poet, it was soon

For all who knew him and we need not wait
To met his like; his like is seldom born,
Being admitted through the Ivory Gate

Where most must enter through the Gates of Horn.
Now all our childhoods weep and all our early
Loves, the deep-bosomed goddesses of corn,

The Celtic heroes playing chess or hurley,
The dancers in the nursery fire, the fauns
And satyrs at their ancient hurley-burley

Among the woods of Wales. A grey day dawns
For all of them, and for us. The Singing Tree has shed
Its leaves and once again the enamelled lawns

Of old Damoetas miss the measured tread
Of Lycidas. And we? Simply, we find it hard
To accept that it is Gwilym who is dead,

Whom we had seen so lately with a card
As usual up his sleeve, a cock in his eye:
A jester and a Quester and a bard,

One who would always throw the Parrot's lie
Back in its beak, who knew some mountains must be climbed
Because they are there—and also because they are high.

And so he cut his steps in the ice and rhymed
His way up slowly, slowly by a star,
While in his ears the bells of childhood chimed

And avalanches roared beneath him far
And the Three Kings went with him and the Three
Gold Shoemakers of Wales, who would not mar

A single stitch on a shoe, no more than he
Would botch a verse. He made his own sea-shells
In which to hear the voices of the sea,

And knew the oldest creatures, the owl that tells
How it has seen three forests rise and fall,
And the great fish that plumbs the deepest wells

Of Cambrian prehistory, yet all
The time Gwilym himself stayed young and gay,
A bulbous Taliessin, a spruce and small

Bow-tied Silenus roistering his way
Through lands of fruit and fable, well aware
That even Dionysus has his day

And cannot take it with him. Debonair,
He leant against the bar till his cigarette
Became one stream of ash sustained in air

Through which he puffed his talk. The nights were wet
And incomparably alive; only three weeks ago
We met him last—for the last time well met—

And that was this. Evans who used to know
Him at his Swansea school, Calum and Price,
Devlin and Gorman—and others, row on row—

Remember such well-meetings. On high ice
An ice-axe falls and flounders down a slope,
The last step has been cut, the last device

Devised, and we below must give up hope
Of seeing Gwilym again, he stays above
Somewhere upon the mountain while we grope

Our own way back. Something, snowflake or dove,
Follows us down with something in its beak,
A green sprig; a token. Of peace? Of love?

Tuesday the Tenth; we find it hard to speak
As yet without a catch; when we begin,
The mind is willing but the words are weak,

A pain of sorrow runs from throat to chin—
And then the wave recedes. Was it really I
Who felt like that just now? I cannot pin

It down, whatever it was, and am wondering why,
When in a wink whatever it was comes back
Like thunder out of a clear and placid sky

Stretching our nerves and notions on the rack
And scattering forth what long ago we hid,
The curtains rustle and the world grows black,

Brakes begin to squeal and wheels to skid—
Where were we? What was it you meant to ask?
And did we once see Gwilym plain? We did.

And heard him even plainer. A whole masque
Of tones and cadences—the organ boom,
The mimicry, then the chuckles; we could bask

As though in a lush meadow in any room
Where that voice started, trellising the air
With honeysuckle or dogrose, bloom on bloom,

And losing bees between them and a bear
To grumble after the bees. Such rooms are still
Open to us but now are merely spare

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* This Canto is drawn from Mr. MacNeice's *Autumn Sequel,* a long poem published in England last fall by Faber & Faber and broadcast by the BBC. In a prefatory note, Mr. MacNeice says that his work "contains a number of characters drawn from my personal friends. All these, for mytho-poetic and other reasons, are represented under pseudonyms. Apart from allusions to the old masters, there are one or two to the works of my contemporaries, *e.g.,* parody echoes of Yeats and William Empson. The last line but one of *Canto XVIII* is a quotation from Dylan Thomas.

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Rooms and in several senses: damp and chill
With dust-sheets over the furniture and the voice
Silent, the meadow vanished, the magic nil.

I knew one other poet who made his choice
To sing and die, a meticulous maker too,
To know whom too made all his friends rejoice

In a hailfellow idyl, a ragout
Of lyricism and gossip; Reilly came
From Connaught, and brown bogwater and blue

Hills followed him through Dublin with the same
Aura of knowing innocence, of earth
That is alchemized by light. He was always game

For hours on hours of Rabelaisian mirth,
He too had a rolling eye and a fastidious ear,
He too was proud of his landscape and his birth,

Was generous and vague, would disappear
Blithely when he was wanted, would punctuate
The timetable with gaps, he too would down his beer

With gusto, and he too more often than not was late
To meet the prosy world, and he too died too soon.
But it is twelve years since that Irish gate

Clanged shut and this is different. A new moon
Has fallen like a meteor from the sky;
Sir Patric Spens has wet his cork-heeled shoon

Once more and once more Arthur has passed by
In the slow barge and all who drew their breath
For the last time in ballad and saga die

Once more for the last time; in Gwilym's death
We feel all theirs and ours. Their flowers are stone,
Are rubble. Vanity, the Preacher saith,

Of Vanities—But Gwilym from his lone
Pulpit calls back; I see no emptiness
But fulness of all fulnesses my own

And everyone else's too. Deirdre plays chess
With Naisi, neither caring which will win,
For both of them are doomed and yet their doom may bless

Posterity, who always must begin
From the beginnings; Gwilym knew that well
And never stopped beginning; sink or sin,

Doubles or quits, he dared the passing bell
To pass him and it did. The Ass his brother
Now at long last can crop the asphodel,

But, when you can risk a pound, why save a penny?
Whose recent loads had made him limp and smother.
"After the first death there is no other."

More power to the Makers. Of whom, he made as well as any.

Restoration

REGRETFULLY, you lost your head, Marie,
And John D. refurbished Versailles' splendor:
Secreted chambers, reflecting halls, resplendent,
Shameless mirrors of royal frolics.
As eoned elms, coaxed by timeless breeze,
Whisper nocturnal secrets to heedless ears,
Aphrodite stands and smiles in marble
To have a head, though stone and cold, inert.

Encrusted fountains, sporadic as depleted gossips,
Tell of dawn's flight: jewels snatched in desperation;
Louis' cursing time, fear cloaked in liveried dress;
The Dauphin's princeless awakening, his peevish cries
To see once more the greened immobile snapping turtles;
Your coach's clattering out—a ride from death, a ride to death.
And you knew not why but whimpered, wanting Austria
While Nature made your coach a tumbril with path marked out.

Louis, of livery divested, bowed his commanded royal head
To feed the omniscient mob that cadenced Dauphin's cry.
They knew not why but watched you kneel and shouted,
Pitiless saw you place your unbowed head, lift your hair, and die.
And John D. died, his head intact, his heart unknown to men,
Squeezed-out-reputed failures, soulless in asylums.
You lost your head unknowingly, Marie,
While John D., who restored it all, died with his head intact.

Now stainless youths, distinct by schoolish smells,
In romping laughter measure sacred paths;
And lovers, oblivious of Dubarry's intrigue,
Clasp sticky hands and reverently recite your legend.
And mentors, satisfied, reiterate your name
As thirsty children devour lemonade and cakes
Where learnedly you dropped black squares of lace.
The charioteer holds yet the bronzed reins
To check his restive steeds plunging to the horizon,
Because John D. restored the splendors of Versailles.

WILLIAM EDWARD WALKER

"The stream keeps tolling"

THE stream keeps tolling with a brazen sound
around a bend near pines where picnickers
celebrate day's end in twittering twilight,
the world blurred by childhood or by beer
as, above purpling peaks, a sudden star
flares in the deepening vast, darkening like fear
a clear mind to cold distances.

The children's faceless figures silhouette
indistinguishable downstream, tangled in stars
and branches, forest lost, as if we watched
Hansel and Gretel, helpless behind glass
and could not warn them though we knew the witch
waited with wily candy in wry metaphors.

They come back crying but unharmed,
escaped from snakes or drowning and soon laugh,
ignorant of hazards in a world that has
ouzels and bells of water, far baaing lambs,
a red moon rising, doomed as innocence.

HAROLD WITT

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The Three Dialogues of Man

by Will Herberg

In his introduction to Waldo Frank's *The Jew in Our Day,* published some ten years ago, Reinhold Niebuhr proclaimed it his purpose as a Christian theologian "to strengthen the Hebraic-prophetic content of the Christian faith." All of his writings in the past two decades may be interpreted from the standpoint of this purpose, for, in one way or another, they are all concerned with rendering the biblical understanding of man and history relevant to contemporary life and thought. In his latest book, however, Niebuhr makes this concern with the "Hebraic-prophetic content of the Christian faith" quite explicit; the entire work turns on the perennial theme of "Athens or Jerusalem," the confrontation of the Hellenic and the Hebraic ways of looking at God, man, and the universe. The fresh and profound treatment of this theme, developed on a variety of levels, in a multitude of variations, makes this work perhaps the most significant Niebuhr has written since *The Nature and Destiny of Man.*

The Self and the Dramas of History, by Reinhold Niebuhr (Scribners; $3.75).

Because it is essentially a presentation and critical defense of the biblical way of thinking in contrast to "Hellenism," *The Self and the Dramas of History* is preoccupied with the three concerns that run through biblical tradition and give it its characteristic aspect, the concerns that center around personality, community, and history. In this work, Niebuhr —with explicit reference to Martin Buber—begins with the self and its inwardness. "Man," he says, "is obviously distinguished from other creatures by some marked capabilities and qualities." What is the basic point of distinction? The "Greek" answer through the ages has been *reason*: the uniqueness of man is his rationality, whether that is understood as the *nous* of Aristotle or the "scientific method" and "social intelligence" of contemporary humanism. The biblical answer, as that has come to us in the normative tradition of Jewish-Christian faith, is something very different. In the Bible, it is affirmed that God made man "after his image and in his likeness." Niebuhr, like Buber, Brunner, and other contemporary religious thinkers, interprets this to refer to man's *selfhood,* and selfhood he understands as primarily man's "capacity for the word." He sees the uniqueness of man in the three "dialogues" in which man is involved. "The self is a creature which is in constant dialogue with itself, with its neighbor, and with God." The book is wholly devoted to tracing the forms, expressions, and implications of these three dialogues.

The three dialogues are, of course, not unrelated to each other. The dialogue of the self with itself, Niebuhr maintains against such as Kierkegaard, necessarily involves the "other," one's neighbor or fellow-man; while both the dialogue of the self with itself and the dialogue of the self with the "other" involves God, since man is a creature with a "yearning for the absolute . . ., a creature who cannot find himself without finding a center beyond himself." Man's "dialogic life," to use a magnificent phrase of Buber's which so well characterizes Niebuhr's thinking in this book, is a *triadic* relation between the self, the "other," and the "eternal Other" which is God.

Niebuhr pursues his analysis of the dialogue of the self with itself in controversy with both the rationalists and the Freudians. Against the rationalists, he holds that the self is not to be identified with its mind or reason; against Freud, he insists that the self is not to be identified with the ego, but "is really in the 'id' and the 'superego' as well." The conflict in the self is thus not merely the harassment of the ego by the superego and its assailment by the id; the self at all levels is divided against itself, and yet achieves a unity and transcendence over all its "parts." This aspect of unity and transcendence of the self Niebuhr appropriately calls "spirit": "spirit is the self itself in its awareness of its freedom over its functions." The involved dialectic of the self in contradiction to itself, of the self and reason, the self and conscience, the self in its mind and body, the self in its self-concern and self-commitment, the self in its indeterminate freedom and creaturely conditionedness, is developed with depth and precision. "The nature of man," Edmund Burke once testified, "is intricate, very intricate"—how intricate we begin to discover as we follow Niebuhr through the dialogue of the self with itself.

The dialogue of the self with the "other" brings Niebuhr to a study of the mysteries of the "I-Thou encounter." The self is always in search of community, for only in its relation to a Thou can the self become truly an I. Yet community thus established always tends to be externalized and turned into a system of objective social relations in the society which man needs in order to live. It is then that the self's indeterminate freedom, its transcendence over all finite structures, and its ordination to the ultimate, come into play:

> The self is so great and so small that its greatness cannot be contained in its smallness. It can only realize itself by endlessly being drawn into larger ends. The community may provisionally be that larger end. But it cannot be so ultimately. . . .

Because of man's freedom and self-transcendence, even the externalized community cannot be understood as something closed and confined within a fixed "nature" or structure.

"The human community is defined in a dramatic historical pattern, just as is the individual." And just as "Hellenic" thought is always trying to equate the self with its mind (rationalism) or its organism (naturalism), so too does it try to reduce history to nature, in which man's time is simply identified with nature's time, or to some rational scheme of intelligibility, in which the uniqueness and creativity of man's time is dissolved in some timeless pattern or "philosophy of history." Niebuhr stresses the complex structure of historical reality; the self's freedom is embedded in and compounded with the conditioning forces of nature and society, setting man his tasks and responsibilities, but also the limits he is always tempted to overpass at his peril. Modern culture, he points out, does not understand this ambivalence; it

> . . . does not understand . . . how inextricably creativity and destructiveness . . . are related, so that [man's] capacity for evil rises with the historic elaborations of his creativity.

Biblical faith does understand this ambivalence, for "it accepts the fact that historical meanings and fulfilments re-

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main fragmentary to the end . . . It even anticipates the growth of both good and evil in history, so that the ambiguities of meaning are heightened, rather than diminished." Since it indicates meanings which it cannot establish or fulfill, history—man's dialogue with his fellows in dramatic elaboration—necessarily points beyond itself.

THE dialogue with God reveals the self in search of ultimate meaning. Man, as we have seen, is *homo religiosus*—he lives by faith, a faith of some kind, even if it is not understood as such. Basically, the many responses men make in the quest for ultimate meaning fall into three categories: (1) idolatry, in which the self, individual or corporate, absolutizes itself, its interests and values; (2) mysticism (Aldous Huxley's misnamed "perennial philosophy"), in which the self tries to transcend all structures of meaning, including itself, in order to lose itself in "unconditioned being"; and (3) biblical faith, in which "the self's experience with the ultimate in the final reaches of its self-awareness [is interpreted] as a dialogue with God" in an authentic I-Thou encounter.

Niebuhr shows graphically how the dialectic of "natural" man's spirituality through the ages, including our own times, has been shuttling back and forth between idolatry and mysticism (in which the rationalists also are involved, since "from Aristotle to Santayana, mysticism has, in fact, been the perennial overtone of rationalism"). He shows too, most convincingly, how the rationalist-mystical distaste for seeing the ultimate mystery in biblical terms as a divine-human encounter is but another phase of the persistent effort of the "Hellenic" minded to dissolve personality and history into some timeless, impersonal structure of meaning or into undifferentiated being as such. The vindication of personality and history as the ultimate categories of human self-understanding is seen as the fruit of Jewish-Christian faith in contrast to the alternative religions and philosophies from the days of the Greeks to the present. The exposition Niebuhr gives, at this point and throughout the book, of basic Christian faith—and in a sense, too, of basic Jewish faith, since he speaks of the two as "two versions of one faith"—is so lucid and persuasive that even the hostile reader will not be left untouched, while the reader who is open to a new word will be rewarded with fresh and exciting insights on the perennial problems of human existence.

The second part of the book pursues the same theme on another level; it deals with "the long debate between the biblical-dramatic and the rational approaches to the problem of the self in the history of Western civilization," and it deals with it with a subtlety and richness of allusion that readers of *The Nature and Destiny of Man* will expect. The pages tracing the Reformation and the Rennaissance in their diverse development and implications are particularly suggestive. But perhaps most significant is Niebuhr's devastating critique of the French Enlightenment as the cradle of "every error which infects a modern liberal culture in its estimate of the human situation, and [of] most of the errors which reached a tragic culmination in modern totalitarianism in the name of 'science'." On its political side, in the French and Russian Revolutions, the Enlightenment spawned the illusions which have "produced despotism in the name of liberty, civil war in the name of fraternity, and superstitious politics in the name of reason." On its intellectual side, the Enlightenment, continuing and vulgarizing earlier rationalism, has helped to engender a dogmatic "empiricism" which ignores the most obvious facts of human existence and converts our very success in understanding nature into a source of confusion in trying to understand man:

> It not only tries to contain human freedom within an ontological framework, but it conceives that framework in naturalistic terms, which is to say, in terms which deny the freedom of the self and falsify the drama of history. . . .

This sharp attitude of rejection of the French Revolution, and all that it implies in the way of totalitarian democracy makes explicit what has surely been clear for some time, that Reinhold Niebuhr, for all his involvement in liberal politics —or perhaps precisely because of his involvement—is to be counted among the "neo-conservatives" of our time, who own kinship with Edmund Burke, rather than among the liberals, who draw their inspiration from Tom Paine and the French Enlightenment.

The third deals with the self's efforts to build communities, and with the dramatic, organic, and artifact (contractual) aspects of social life. It is here that the earlier theme of man as both creator and creature is taken up again to indicate the possibilities and limits of social creativity.

> Politics is an effort to establish tolerable community, the sinfulness of man being presupposed. The tension between competing interests makes authority, contradicting equality, necessary. The interests of the "rulers" make this authority dangerous to justice. . . . The recognition of the moral ambiguity of [all economic, social, and political institutions] is tantamount to the discovery why the "kingdom of God" is relevant to every historic situation, but can never be realized in history. . . . Liberty and equality are strictly compatible only in the heart of perfect love. . . .

These characteristic insights Niebuhr develops as part of his over-all theme of the indeterminateness of human freedom in a dialectic of self-love and self-commitment, in which every human effort becomes at once an expression of self-giving creativity and a vehicle of pride and self-aggrandizement. On the human level, individual or social, there is no solution: the human enterprise remains ambiguous to the very end.

THE last chapter, in a way the climax and consummation of the entire argument of the book, is entitled "Individual and collective Destinies in the Contemporary Situation." Against a background of the cultural history of the last two centuries, Niebuhr describes modern man's effort to give his existence meaning through creeds and philosophies that assure him that he is his own lord and savior, the "maker and master of things." With the collapse of these autonomous pretensions, "the isolated individual, lost in an anonymous mass," flees to the totalistic heteronomies which the contemporary crisis has brought forth —movements, cults, and panaceas that promise fulfilment at the price of the total surrender of personality and freedom through engulfment in a divinized "larger whole" (nation, state, class, race, party, ideology, or movement).

Biblical faith repudiates both of these ways, and reveals a vision of man's nature and destiny that enables him to be himself, really and fully himself, without pretending to be God, and gives him the power to transcend himself, in service to some cause, or movement, or ideal, without losing himself in it. The eschatological note on which the book ends,

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pointing to the relevance of the classic Jewish-Christian affirmation of "the resurrection of the dead and life eternal" to the contemporary situation, rings true to the entire work, for in this work the ultimate and the immediate, the final mystery of faith and the fragmentary meanings of life are combined with an insight and mastery given to few of the religious thinkers of our time. Of this book, it may truly be said (repeating Arthur Schlesinger's words of a few years ago) that it succeeds in restating the basic convictions of biblical faith "with such irresistible relevance to contemporary experience that even those who have no decisive faith in the supernatural find their own reading of experience and history given new and significant dimensions."

NIEBUHR'S method throughout is polemical. He develops his argument in continuous controversy on many fronts—with Catholic scholastics, Protestant fundamentalists, and religious liberals; with rationalists, mystics, and positivist devotees of scientism; with bourgeois liberals and Marxists; with narrow-minded nationalists, irresponsible pacifists, and utopian idealists dreaming up schemes of "world community." But there is one controversy running through the book which is never mentioned, but which the initiated reader will not miss. It is the controversy with Paul Tillich and Tillich's ontological thinking.

Paul Tillich and Reinhold Niebuhr are close friends and associates of many years standing. They are both Christian theologians in the same Reformation tradition. To many an unsophisticated bystander, they sound very much alike; yet to the theologian, and to the interested layman as well, their basic lines of thought reveal significant differences, which bid fair to grow rather than to diminish as the implications of the two positions become increasingly clear.

The differences go deep, though they do not go beyond the common presuppositions of neo-Reformation theology. They are differences in background, approach, and basic categories of interpretation. Tillich's background is German; his thought is deeply influenced by his profound immersion in German idealist philosophy, in modern art and literature, and (of late) in psychiatry. Schelling, the romantic philosopher of the Absolute; Jacob Boehme, the Protestant mystic; and Origen, the third century Church Father who made such an impressive, some think misguided, effort to restate Christian faith in Greek categories, have all left their mark on Tillich's mind.

Niebuhr's background is American, though not without Continental roots. His interests have always been history, politics, and social ideologies; and his thinking has been formed far more by the Bible and Augustine than by any philosopher, though some influence of Kant's epistemology may be detected. Tillich's approach is defined by himself as the "method of correlation"; theology, he conceives, answers questions which philosophy raises, but itself cannot answer—both the questions and the answers requiring to be "translated" so as to be intelligible to the two parties in the dialogue. Niebuhr's method, so well exemplified in this book, is to show that the insights of biblical faith are borne out by the "inner witness of the human self" and the hard, complex facts of human existence in a way that clearly displays the inadequacy and one-sidedness of the alternative philosophies and gospels claiming the allegiance of modern man. This does not, of course, "prove" faith, but it does reveal the relevance of faith to the perennial perplexities of life and thought. "Relevance" is Niebuhr's term, just as "correlation" is Tillich's.

The difference becomes crucial at the next level, the level on which the basic categories of interpretation are defined. Tillich has for some years been deeply engaged in constructing an *ontological* basis for his theological system and his understanding of human existence. "All problems of love, power, and justice," Tillich writes, "drive us to an ontological analysis. . . . The problems [cannot be solved] without an answer to the question: In what way is each of these concepts rooted in being-itself." For Niebuhr, the ontologizing of life and history is part of the "Greek" tendency to deny the indeterminate freedom of the self and reduce the self to its reason or nature. Niebuhr's whole approach is *historical*. "The human person and man's society," he says, "are by nature historical, and the ultimate truth about life must be mediated historically." Man *is*, in a sense, his "personal history," and the fullness of a person in his concrete uniqueness can be expressed and communicated only through his "biography"; the same is true of social groups, insofar as they are "organic" entities rather than mere artifacts. This historical approach is, of course, the biblical approach as well; that is why the Bible is almost entirely made up of histories and recitals, to the scandal of philosopher and mystic alike. The contrast between the Greek-ontological and the biblical-historical distinguishes the thinking of Tillich and Niebuhr as they confront each other in the contemporary debate.

Tillich speaks of the self as displaying an ontological structure rooted in being-itself. Niebuhr asserts that the self is "characterized by both a basic structure and freedom from structure"; it defines itself not in timeless concepts, but in the dramas it elaborates and the histories it lives out. Love, in Tillich's thought, is a drive to union with being-itself generated out of the ontological incompleteness of all finite being. Niebuhr insists that "Christian faith does *not* derive the idea of love from the idea of being"; love, in his view, is a personal commitment of the self in an I-Thou relation, which, while ultimately grounded in the "very structure of human selfhood" (of selfhood, not of being), is a consummate expression of the indeterminate freedom of the human spirit. Again, to Tillich, sin in its ontological grounding is apparently an aspect or consequence of human finitude, which somehow alienates human being from Being-Itself. To Niebuhr, it is emphatically not finitude that is sin, but man's anxious effort to deny his finitude and to "infinitize" himself by the perverse use of his freedom in pride or sensuality. For Tillich, the "new man in Christ" is primarily an ontological renewal of being; for Niebuhr, it is a radical change of personal relation between man and God in which God "justifies" with his forgiveness and grace the man who comes to him with "a broken heart and a contrite spirit."

ON the ultimate level, the difference is a difference in the very conception of God. Tillich speaks of an "absolute faith" which "transcends both the mystical experience and the divine-human encounter," and criticizes the "theism" of the divine-human encounter as "one-sided." Niebuhr, throughout his writing, but emphatically in this work, insists that the divine-human encounter, the I-Thou relation between man and God, is the very texture of biblical faith ("the encounter with God is dramatic"); to attempt to transcend it is to lapse into a kind of super-mysticism, in which the

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personality of man, as well as of God, is endangered. The God whom man reaches beyond the divine-human encounter may well be Being-Itself, or the "abyss of Being," as Tillich says; but it is not the biblical God or the God of whom the Reformation spoke. Niebuhr's stand for the biblical God of divine-human encounter is thus at the same time a stand for the reality of the self and its history, which Tillich's ontological God ("abyss of Being") forever threatens to swallow up.

Perhaps it will not be out of place to mention another point of difference between Niebuhr and Tillich, which, while it reflects the varying backgrounds and temperaments of the two men, may not be altogether unrelated to their theological orientations. Tillich was once a "religious socialist," which, in the Germany of between the wars, had a very special meaning. It meant a kind of total philosophy, grounded in the conviction that it was then the "appointed time" (*kairos*) for the reconstruction of both religion and the social order into a new *Gestalt*. Today, Tillich feels, the *kairos* is past, the reconstruction has lost its ground and meaning, and so the old urgency of intervention in social and political affairs is gone.

Tillich's theology does not easily lend itself to application to the everyday affairs of politics and social life. Niebuhr's distinctive orientation, on the other hand, was generated precisely out of such everyday concerns. He never linked his social thinking to any particular *kairos*, nor did he envisage his program in the comprehensive and total terms of Tillich's "religious socialism." The collapse of socialism, therefore, did not rob him of his social interests or measurably diminish the relevance of his theology to politics and history. Indeed, his theology seems to have become most influential in Protestant social thinking in the course of the past decade.

THESE brief comments do not do justice to either man, and they perhaps tend to over-simplify the problems and issues that divide the two. After all, Tillich's ontology is hardly a full-bodied one, and must appear quite insubstantial to the more thoroughgoing exponents of an ontological theology, such as the Platonists or the Catholic scholastics. On the other hand, Niebuhr, in his protest against rationalism, does not in the least want to deny the great instrumental value of reason in making discriminate judgments; nor in his sharp criticisms of ontologizing does he mean to deny that there is a real "problem of doing justice to both the dramatic and the structural aspects of human existence." The differences are relative; they are differences within a common framework of thought and conviction. Yet they are important, for they touch upon crucial issues of human life and history. Much of the vanguard thinking today is being done by theologians, and by none perhaps more significantly than by Reinhold Niebuhr and Paul Tillich. Americans, even of the so-called "secularist" persuasion, would do well to give close attention to the writings of these men, for in these writings they will find profound and creative insights into the problems of human existence. They will find in *The Self and the Dramas of History*, in particular, a most illuminating statement of the relevance of the new theology to our social and intellectual concerns.

Wyndham Lewis: "The Politics of the Intellect"

by Geoffrey Wagner

"I am not a politician but an artist," Wyndham Lewis wrote in *The Jews Are They Human?*, a volume written in 1939 to correct past misapprehensions concerning his own views of "the most decayed specimens of the lowest race on earth" (as he had an early, sympathetic character describe Jewry). With the former statement, at least, most of us would agree. For Lewis has been the extreme English representative of that neo-classical movement which became on the continent so dangerously irresponsible, an aesthetic heresy slipped out of context into politics.

To the contemporary neo-classicist the state is simply concerned with the nature and use of power, and German writers like Scholz, Lublinski, or Stucken threw up "heroes of the intellect" to govern the "changeless Many" (as Lewis calls us) long before even the cohorts of Maurras got busy. At all points the neo-classicists oppose the Platonic doctrine that the state may condition the individual—indeed, Plato is charged by the Baron de Seillière and Henri Massis with being contaminated by the Jewish Orient. The neo-classical attack on the common origin of Judaism and Protestantism, meanwhile, ("Le protestant procède absolument du Juif," as Maurras wrote, re-echoing de Maistre and Toussenel, to say nothing of Milton's Zionism), together with the cliché of a "liberal orthodoxy," in press and academe, all this composes an indictment unpleasantly familiar to our own ears today. Its lack of seriousness is perhaps its most frightening factor, and the depressing aspect of Lewis' twenty-odd quasi-political volumes is not merely the tragic waste they have meant for one of the most vital prose practitioners of our day, but rather the lightness of belief with which this word-master has played around in the political backyard, lying on his back and kicking with delight as he unearthed one untenable position after another.

Thus, in 1929, the year when T. S. Eliot grouped Lewis with a number of writers who "incline in the direction of some kind of Fascism," Lewis described his politics as "partly Communist and partly Fascist, with a distinct streak of monarchism in my Marxism, but at bottom anarchist with a healthy passion for order." This has that beautiful ambiguity of a political position described as "royalist" in twentieth-century England. In 1926, however, Lewis had written, "I favor some form of *Fascism* rather than Communism," and, "The disciplined *Fascist* party in Italy can be taken as representing the new and healthy type of 'freedom'." As of this year, Great Britain was "badly in need of a ruling class" and Lewis advocated that "a Fascist nobility supply the long-felt British need." With the dictator in absolute command, the artist and thinker (Benda's *clerc*) would be liberated from the "changeless Many," not to mention "the left-wing orthodoxy of the lettered herd."

In November 1930 Lewis went to Berlin and began to publish a series of articles in *Time and Tide*. These he collected in 1931 as *Hitler*, a study of early Nazism by (of course) an "ex-

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ponent," not an "advocate." *Hitler* depicts the Führer as a "man of peace;" the Jewish question is a "racial red-herring;" Hitler's Aryanism should indeed be extended; in short, "the Hitlerist dream is full of an imminent classical serenity." In just the same way, in his *Vers l'Espagne de Franco,* Maurras was to find his "politique classique" in the Spain of El Caudillo; but Maurras goes far further than even Lewis. For this "thinker," who died in comfortable imprisonment, was writing at a time when his plea that Jews be "circumcised up to the neck" was being virtually implemented in the civilized West.

Shortly after *Hitler,* which was published in Germany in 1932, listed as required reading by the *British Fascist Quarterly,* and even recently admired by Ezra Pound in *What Is Money For?,* Lewis published *Left Wings Over Europe* where we are told:

> It is an undeniable fact that *democracy* is being practised in Germany at present, with surprising success. It was a pure parliamentary democracy that voted in—as nearly by democratic vote as it is humanly possible to get—and has periodically confirmed in power, the great patriot who is now "Dictator" of the German Democracy.

We then read, in 1936, an analysis of representative government as occult, usurious, and despotic, of British democracy in particular as an egregious sham, alongside a defense of Fascist foreign policy (*e.g.,* "that the industrious and ingenious Italian, rather than the lazy, stupid, and predatory Ethiopian, should eventually control Abyssinia is surely not such a tragedy").

Left Wings, together with *Count Your Dead* (1937), and contributions to the British Fascist press of the time, make really hair-raising reading today. Germany is being encircled—only the Fascist states are free—Russia is ruled by Jews—the USA, the USSR, and Great Britain have combined in a "monism" to establish a moneylender's dream, they have all "swallowed the Spain of Moses Rosenberg without turning a hair." For *Count Your Dead* is, among other things, a fully committed apology for the actions of the Fascist powers in Spain. Hitler's manners are "diplomatically impeccable." Britain, her public opinion stifled by the arch-hypocrite, and Russian dupe, Baldwin, is guilty of atrocities, while in America the Hearst Press alone gives creditable news. Or,

> . . . all you have to say to Britannia is "Hitler" and she sees Red! She clenches her fist, links arms with Blum and Litvinov, and is ready for anything.

This, then, is the work which in 1950 Lewis (followed by his various Boswells) calls "a first-rate peace pamphlet."

For what is especially offensive about these opinions (unforgiven, after all, in other contributors to the *British Union Quarterly* like Goebbels, Mussolini, or William Joyce) is the frivolity with which they seem to have been held. T. S. Eliot, for instance, was still deriding in late 1938 "the irresponsible 'anti-Fascist' " who allegedly found "an emotional outlet in denouncing the iniquity of something called 'Fascism'." But in early 1939 Lewis began a systematic reversal of concrete political opinion, publishing *The Hitler Cult,* a thorough discrediting of the Führer, contradicting his previous book point by point.

But the cavalier attitude to the reader in this rewriting is especially insulting, although it must be admitted that there seems to be a good deal of surreptitious excommunication of one's past going on in England today; thus, in 1936, Herbert Read's essay on Surrealism contained the following sentence: "Surrealism, like Communism, does not call upon artists to surrender their individuality," while in 1952, re-issued without any notice of change, this reads: "Surrealism does not, like Communism, call upon artists to surrender their individuality." Stephen Spender's recent "reworkings" of earlier material are similarly interesting.

So Lewis surely imagines we cannot read when he informs us today that from the first he had seen through Hitler. Book after book now, like his latest excellent novel *Self Condemned* (it will be published this season by Regnery), will contain chip-on-the-shoulder references to Nazism. In *Rude Assignment* (1950) Hitler is ridiculed, and rightly so, for his exploitation of youth. But if we turn to *Hitler,* we find that at the time Lewis had actually praised Hitler's youth-politics, although despising precisely the same phenomenon elsewhere (in Baden-Powell of the Boy Scouts). In *Hitler,* the Führer is depicted as making youth more sensible and informed and, above all, anti-Communist.

But perhaps this is not so strange, for Lewis' political thinking is riddled with contradiction. In a single book *(Anglo-saxony)* he likens both Communism and Fascism and Communism and Socialism. In another place we are told that the method of seizure of power by "catastrophe" is that of the capitalist rather than of the Fascist, and in yet another place *(America and Cosmic Man)* that Fascism is well defined in the instance of George Washington, *viz.* political by means of military despotism. Bergson, the occasion for innumerable diatribes in Lewis' canon, is both the spokesman for the way of life of the typical American businessman and also (in *One-Way Song*) partially responsible for " 'red' revolution." On page 91 of *Rude Assignment:* "Functional philosophies do not interest me a great deal;" on page 141 of the same work, "My writings possess this unity because they are functional."

Actually it can be said that Lewis' general solution for human society has altered little, for his reiterated "politics of the intellect" consists purely in the formation of an élite (he has, of course, denied holding the élite theory). This is characteristically neo-classical. Seillière, Massis, Maurras, Benda, "Agathon," all propose some form of élite, or "petit nombre." Eliot, in his two post-war political treatises, requires an hereditary élite, a community of Christians maintaining the body of belief and in whom should be located the repository of culture. This withdraws him from the "imaginative conservatism" of Irving Babbitt, which Eliot in fact describes as "alarmingly like very liberal Protestant theology of the nineteenth century." Ezra Pound's élite is more pagan still and perhaps for this reason he has written as follows of Eliot's *After Strange Gods:*

> Eliot in this book, has not come through uncontaminated by the Jewish poison. Until a man purges himself of this poison he will never achieve understanding.

Lewis' élite is neither hereditary nor Christian. Nor is it national—unlike that of Maurras who found the whole Dreyfus affair "subventionnée" by England. Lewis asks for an intelligent aesthetic minority, an "ideal giant" (or brain of society), at the head of the state; as for the rest of us . . . well, the "changeless Many" should be either contented, or coerced, to serve this small

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group. The heroic individual, the "Not-Self" or Roman *persona.* should be allowed to stand apart from the main masses who are neither willing nor able to be improved.

Yet, one wants to know, *who guards the guardians?* Many of us, it seems, would prefer to muddle along without these fervently romantic neo-classicists to guide us. Hitler, after all, was held up to us as a potential "Not-Self," and this frustrated aesthete showed a suicidal lack of respect for the fate of his people. Indeed, Lewis' tragic political impotence was a dilemma of disliking any association of art and politics, and yet of insisting that art be close to reality (even if only to satirize reality). For our reality has been a political one. Thus, forced into a detestable association, Lewis has delighted to propose a politics that is obviously impossible to realize. His political criticism is accordingly possessed of contradiction, since a politics of art, which is putting Lewis' views on the highest level, is an absurd anachronism. On the lowest level Lewis' beliefs in this respect are simply—Stopping the Rot; and the Old Colonel aspect of many of his utterances is highly reminiscent of Spengler or Rudolf Bindung. In truth, Lewis likes to attack everyone not of his party, which his supporters interpret as an heroic isolation, a refusal to conform to any major political concept. In Arghol's words in *The Enemy of the Stars,* "Anything but yourself is dirt." But perhaps the last word on this vexed problem might be left with T. S. Eliot, O.M., who, in the year of Lewis' most hectic contributions to the *British Union Quarterly* and the *Europaeische Revue,* wrote: "As for Mr. Lewis' politics, I see no reason to suppose that he is any more of a 'Fascist' or 'Nazi' than I am."

Dublin's Library and Joyce's "Ulysses"

by Padraic Colum

DUBLINERS of its epoch have many private exultations in their reading of *Ulysses.* For instance, one will chuckle over a line whose comedy is not discernible to the professor from an American university. "Drink that, citizen." "I will, honourable person." The honorific is a translation from Irish in which "sir" becomes "honourable person." Given by the preponent of Gaelicism the joke is in the elementariness of the phrase. The Dubliner of the epoch recognizes the attempt to set up an Irish-Irelander with a few phrases, or even translations of phrases, in O'Growney's first lessons; he loves it. "Drink that, citizen." "I will," says he, "honourable person." Behind all his assertions and denunciations, the citizen is a humbug: he is only a half of one percent militant Gael. And when Joyce proceeds to giganticize him as the Cyclops should be giganticized, the effect is extraordinarily funny, but the fun can be properly appreciated only by the one who in the heyday of his enthusiasm read the tenth century sagas in Standish Hayes O'Grady's *Silva Gadelica*:

> The figure seated on a large boulder at the foot of a round tower was that of a broadshouldered deepchested stronglimbed frankeyed redhaired freely freckled shaggy bearded widemouthed largenosed longheaded deepvoiced barekneed brawnyhanded hairylegged ruddyfaced sinewyarmed hero.

It is from a literature in which the adjective has got the upperhand of the noun. In the original, however, the adjective followed the noun, and so "hero" does not come as a farcical anti-climax.

In contrast to the scene in Barney Kiernan's with its low life characters in their low life speech is the scene in the National Library with personages who are capable of contributing to a symposium led by the one who is "steeled in the school of old Aquinas," Stephen Daedalus. Because of it and of incidents in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* Joyce enthusiasts from overseas are drawn to the National Library. Here, too, the Dubliner of the epoch can glory in his private knowledgableness.

The pilgrim may today enter the Reading Room of the National Library in Dublin, place himself at a table where (maybe) the Stephen Daedalus of James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist* sat, or have himself invited into the privacies where the Stephen Daedalus of *Ulysses* discussed the relation of father and son with three librarians and a poet while an advertisement-canvasser peered in and a mocker irrupted, or stand on the Library's few steps where Joyce stood with his lonely thoughts; but there will be a disappointment for today's pilgrim in the sparse attendance, in the palpable lack of impact of mind on mind, in the non-appearance of lively students in the portico.

FIFTY years ago, the National Library was a center in its epoch, but that epoch has passed; with its passing the National Library has entered history, and its history includes other figures besides Joyce and Joyce's projections—the remarkable figures of what used to be called the Celtic Renaissance—W. B. Yeats and George Moore amongst others. The trio of librarians who assisted at the symposium in *Ulysses,* Mr. Lyster, Mr. Magee, Mr. Best, with A.E. contributing a theosophy are in that historical setting.

The modern buildings that flanked the ducal residence, Leinster House—the National Museum on the right as one came through the gate in quiet Kildare Street, and the National Library on the left, with Leinster Lawn between—were only a generation in existence. The inauguration of one of them had made a young poet enthusiastic. "And if history and the living present fail us," wrote William Butler Yeats, "do there not lie hid among the spear-heads and the golden collars over the way in the New Museum, suggestions of an age before history when the art, legends and wild mythology of earliest Ireland rose out of the void? There alone is enough of the stuff that dreams are made of to keep us busy a thousand years." This he probably wrote in the National Library.

Young people have no aptitude for evaluating what is theirs by inheritance; they step into it—that's all they know about it. So it was with the students and the casual intellectuals among the youth of Dublin in Joyce's time. In the Reading Room of the National Library they had a handsome place to read in, to view each other, to converse in the portico below, to make the encounters that permitted couples to walk together to their quarters. As well as an intellectual life, the Reading Room provided something of a social life. It was hospitable. It had its glamor-girl students; it had its notable young men. At that time the influx of young people was

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more than at present, for the students of University College did much of their reading there. It was open until ten o'clock.

Along side the exit turnstile was the counter at which one applied for books, and on it were displayed recently published volumes. Behind this counter were attendants, scholarly men among them. The head librarians had their offices along a corridor one entered from behind the counter.

But to speak of the trio on that side, Mr. Lyster, Mr. Magee, Mr. Best as mere officials is to be inadequate to them. They were personages in the intellectual life of Dublin. The three, as we all know, have been transferred to literature —one twice transferred, for Magee is a character in George Moore's *Hail and Farewell* as well as in James Joyce's *Ulysses*.

The head librarian, Mr. Lyster, was then about 50 . . . I remember someone saying, "It's strange that we use the word 'uncouth' but never use the word 'couth'." "And who would you say was 'couth'?" "I would say Mr. Lyster." He had a closely cropped beard, rather liquid eyes, and a rich, one might even say an unctuous voice. It is hardly right to say he was voluble—it is hard to associate volubility with such a presence as Mr. Lyster's, but he was copious with his good diction. He was given to interrogatory openings — "May we not . . .?". One would go too far again if one said he buttonholed one, but he did come close and he had a way of securing one's attention. "Is it not a Sahara?" I overheard him say enunciating every syllable, to a friend whom he was awakening to the vista of O'Connell Street which, apparently there and then, had become unbearable to him. Fountains should be playing where statues stood in dreadful impassivity. He was interceding through his friend to have some wealthy Dublin family provide the fountains.

I remember two occasions on which he talked to me beyond the barrier of the Reading Room. Taking me to shelves that held many editions of *Faust* he supplicated me to learn German so that I might read "the greatest projection of poetry since Hamlet." His address was very moving.

He had made the pilgrimage to Tolstoy, John Butler Yeats told me. I imagine that Mr. Lyster belonged to that circle of older men that included John Butler Yeats and Edward Dowden. With Dowden and also with his colleague Magee there would be Goethean radiations. Also I think—but Dowden would not like this—a flavor of Matthew Arnold. Mr. Magee ("John Eglinton") was religiously Wordsworthian. So the culture of the inner precinct was Goethean, Wordsworthian and Matthew Arnoldish.

Still speaking of the head Librarian: He was fond of repeating amorous verse, and when, as an elderly gentleman he became engaged to a young lady his buttonholing was for the purpose of saying, "And has not our admired poet given us:

> I would that we were, my beloved,
> white birds on the foam of the sea!

and going on, every syllable enunciated, down to:

> Soon far from the rose and the lily and
> the fret of the flames would we be,
> Were we only white birds, my beloved,
> buoyed up on the foam of the sea!

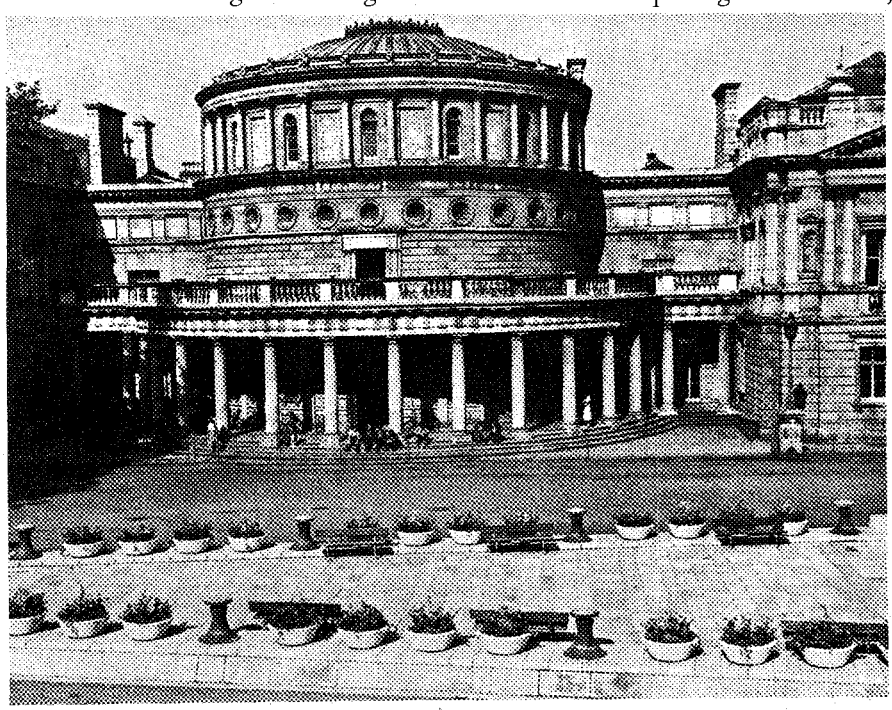
I cannot now recall the incident that led up to his repeating to me in a corridor of the Library a verse from one of the Sufi poets in Emerson's version—the mystic contrasting his esoteric freedoms with the rigidity of the pietist's external devotion:

> Thine is
> Spare fasts and orisons,
> But mine the wine of the inner shrine,
> And sweet chase of the nuns.

"When I repeated this most revealing verse to the Archbishop, he did not assent at all." I really wondered if Mr. Lyster was not having a little fun. Dublin's two Archbishops, Dr. Walsh and Dr. Peacock, attended meetings as Trustees of the National Library. It was the Catholic Archbishop who was the recipient of the verse. "And sweet chase of the nuns" must have been very appealing to the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh.

My first impression of the Librarian whose essays bearing the pen-name, "John Eglinton," were the only contribution in that form to the literary movement was shyness. He listened silently to some explanation about a book, and, it seemed, with some embarrassment. He was low-sized, with a fine head whose thoughtfulness was expressed in brown eyes. The eyes were remarkable; they gave an impression of quietude, but I imagine a flash could come into them. "John Eglinton" did not talk much—not by Dublin standards—and yet men who relished conversation, George Moore and Stephen MacKenna, found his companionship enjoyable.

As far as I remember, his conversational way was to affirm some point and let you talk round it. He was Goethean and Wordsworthian, and, via Emerson, I imagine, a bit Oriental. These winds of doctrine had sifted down his original deposit of Calvinism, but there was



The National Library, Dublin

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enough of that left to make him ironic toward the preponents of an Irish nationalism that, as it seemed to him, obviously would eventuate in a Catholic state, and a Catholic state that would not have the opposition that had grown up with the European Catholic states. He had been marched into the ranks of the Irish Revivalists by that domineering recruiting officer, William Butler Yeats, and he must have been frequently perplexed by the combativeness of certain Protestant officers. He made a halting confession of faith, but the ardor shown by his fellow Ultonian, "A.E.," even in his repudiation of certain nationalist dogmas, was not in "John Eglinton's" acceptance. "A.E." made the things he repudiated seem exciting:

> We are less children of this clime
> Than of a nation yet unborn,
> Or empire in the womb of time.
> We hold the Ireland in our hearts
> More than the land our eyes have seen,
> And love the goal for which we start
> More than the tale of what has been.

To "John Eglinton" "The tale of what has been" probably seemed an invention of Standish O'Grady's.

His Ulster Scots upbringing gave him a stand from which he could criticize expressions of exclusive nationalism. But I doubt if one ever heard the man, the librarian or the essayist say an unfair, let alone a rancorous word. It was this attractive and aloof, this distantly companionable, rather estranged personage, whom certain of the wits of Dublin cast in the role of a drum-beating Orangeman, a dirk-using Border raider, a Bible-guided Covenanter. Was he aware of the casting? I do not know. But if he had heard of himself as a "filabustering philabeg" his brown eyes would open in astonishment and he would shake his head over Dubliners' strange japes.

Mr. Best was the youngest of the trio who made up the directorate of the National Library. He was more Continental than either Mr. Lyster or Mr. Magee, having studied in Paris, and, I am almost certain, Germany, for he was a philologist, specializing in Old Irish, and the country of Thurneysen and Windisch—names he spoke with the utmost reverence—was the second home of Old Irish; if you had a yearning to know about the infixed pronouns you would, at that time, have to go to some scholar in Germany. Moreover, the great philologist, Kuno Meyer, seemed to be particularly

Joyce

attached to him; indeed George Moore complained that to get that most interesting of scholars to his house he had to work through Mr. Best who was not at all sure that Kuno Meyer could bestow his time while in Dublin on such marginal interests as George Moore's.

There was something of freshness about Mr. Best—bloom, brightness. He was tall, blond, ruddy complexioned, and wore particularly shining glasses. I have associated Mr. Lyster and Mr. Magee with the world of Goethe. Mr. Best suggested that world, too, but in a distinct way: he was not, as far as I knew, a depository of Goethean wisdom, but he recalled one of those fresh, rather princely figures who, with a fund of enthusiasm, attended the aging Goethe, noting his conversation, finding and assembling his early poems. Scholarly, enthusiastic, sociable, with a feeling for character and the ability to project it, Mr. Best was and is a delightful conversationalist.

To one who remembers them, the treatment of these three as personages in the symposium is the most brilliant of Joyce's performances in *Ulysses*. They are real, Mr. Lyster, Mr. Magee, Mr. Best, as well as "A.E.," Buck Mulligan, and Stephen himself—that is to say, anyone who knew them in their daily lives will have immediate connection with them. But while they are there in their essence, they are also stylised:

> Urbane, to comfort them, the Quaker librarian purred "And we have, have we not, those priceless pages of *Wilhelm Meister?* A great poet on a great brother poet. A hesitating soul taking arms against a sea of troubles, torn by conflicting doubts as one sees in real life." He came a step sinkapace forward on neatsleather creaking and a step backward a sinkapace on the solemn floor.

This is Mr. Lyster in his speech, movement, setting.

> Eglintoneyes, quick with pleasure, look-up shybrightly. Gladly glancing, a merry puritan, through the twisted eglantine.

This is William Magee when he became John Eglinton.

> Mr. Best, eagerquietly, lifted his book to say "That's very interesting because that brother motive, don't you know, we find in old Irish myths. In Grimm, too, don't you know, the fairy tales. The third brother who marries the sleeping beauty and wins the best.

The "eagerquietly," that affirmative speech, is the young Richard that was Mr. Best. And what a beautiful composition the entire Library scene is! As a symposium, following the discussion in the Tower, it comes to widen the speculation about the relationship of father and son. A symposium cannot be, as a discussion can, on one level: it has to have place for character; it has to have tension, relief, climax, and this the father-son symposium has. The occasional opening of the door turns it as on hinges. The theme is sustained while conversational turns save it from mere statement and mocking interpolations upset what might be its pedantry.

The composition is beautiful and the ending belongs finely to it. After all, albeit mockers had intervened, discourse that included Shakespeare and the Fathers of the Church, dealt with things of the spirit. And as we stand with Stephen Daedalus on the steps of the Library and look back on it, we know it for a moment of spirit:

> Kind air defined the coigns of houses in Kildare Street. No birds. Frail from the housetops two plumes of smoke ascended, pluming, and in a flaw of softness softly were blown. Cease to strive. Peace of druid priests of Cymbeline, hierophantic: from the earth an altar.—
>
> Laud we the gods
> And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
> From our blessed altars.

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Mr. Van Vechten of New York City

by Edward Lueders

CARL VAN VECHTEN'S seventy-fifth birthday on June 17th of this year will not be celebrated by dancing in the streets or torchlight parades through the avenues of New York City, but to anyone familiar with Van Vechten's professional and personal history, such elaborate means would seem perfectly appropriate. Certainly no ordinary celebration would do. He is one of the last persons in the United States to whom you would send a store-bought birthday card. Mention his name to a group of people who have been aware of the world of art and society in the last fifty years and you're apt to get a bewildering response.

Some won't know the name. Some will assume you meant Carl Van Doren. Others will have varied associations: music critic, literary critic, writer about opera and singers, portrait photographer, novelist, dance critic. Or he will be thought of in other contexts: authority on cats, a novel about Harlem, photographer of Negroes, composer, connected with salons in New York and Europe—Mabel Dodge, the Roaring Twenties. Each impression would be a part of Carl Van Vechten, a singular figure in twentieth-century America with multiple contributions to its culture and its animation.

In the fifty years since he took up residence in New York, Van Vechten has been friend, host, adviser, champion, and appreciative audience to three generations of celebrities in society, literature, and the arts. In the process, he has become perhaps the most successful dilettante in the land, a sophisticated ringleader among the intelligentsia and a genial patron of the arts.

His role as a literary ambassador and his own flair for antic existence have contributed lastingly to the legendary character of New York high life. If Manhattan were a principality, Carl Van Vechten would be a leading pretender to the throne. In the twenties, when he was publishing his stylish novels, a number of perceptive critics (Ernest Boyd and Louis Bromfield among them) commented on the striking identity of the author with his city. More recently, Alice B. Toklas has spoken of Van Vechten and Avery Hopwood, the playwright, as "creators of modern New York." As an official representative, Grover Whalen may symbolize to the world the municipal fact of New York City, but Carl Van Vechten is a symbol of its personality.

A capricious nature, an acute awareness of the times in which he has lived, and a talent for doing what he wants to do, have led Van Vechten into three full professional careers. Beginning as a journalist, he was employed in a variety of positions by metropolitan dailies. After receiving his Ph.B. from the University of Chicago in the early years of the century, he worked briefly for the Chicago *American*. In New York he was hired by the *Times* as a music critic and later as Paris correspondent. During a short stay with the New York *Press* he was a drama critic. But in 1915, with the publication of his first book, a collection of essays called *Music After the Great War*, he became confirmed in his first professional role as a music critic.

Van Vechten's timing has always been good. His volatile essays on music, always championing the work of revolutionary, experimental modern composers, coincided with the intellectual ferment of the World War I era that touched off the cultural revolt of the 1920's. Van Vechten wrote growingly and knowingly about the young Igor Stravinsky, whose early works, then unknown in America, he had heard in Paris. He praised the exciting effects of Arnold Schoenberg and the quixotic experiments of Erik Satie. At the same time, he provoked and challenged the traditionalists with impudent self-assurance. "Imitative work is always bad. Music that tries to be something that something else has been may be thrown aside as worthless." He attacked chamber music as a kind of mathematical exercise to be *played*, not to be heard—unless it was by members of the performers' families. As a critic, Van Vechten applauded any art and any artist that had integrity, animation, and a high degree of individuality. In the field of opera he was delighted with the colorful performances of singers who gave vitality and life to their roles, but he deplored the static, unimaginative stage production through which they had to move. Some thirty years later his observations were realized in innovations Rudolph Bing brought to the Metropolitan.

Van Vechten heeded none of the traditional boundaries of the music critic's domain. He moved into the arenas of American popular music and reported enthusiastically on what he heard. He stated bluntly his preference for Irving Berlin over Edward MacDowell. He wrote prophetically about music for the movies, and he praised the talents of music-hall performers like Al Jolson and Elsie Janis. He wrote extensively of the Negro's music and heard in jazz and the blues "the only hope" for American music.

By 1920, Van Vechten's collections of essays had begun to include pieces in praise of unusual and otherwise neglected literary figures. In 1926, these essays culminated in *Excavations: A Book of Advocacies*. The strange assortment of authors revived in this book—Edgar Saltus, Ronald Firbank, H. B. Fuller, Matthew Phipps Shiel, Ouida, and the seventeenth-century Philip Thicknesses—presented not as great masters of literature, but as curious, fascinating stylists who had impressed and delighted him.

THE immediate success of *Peter Whiffle: His Life and Works* in 1922 established Van Vechten as a novelist. It was ironical, for he was not at all sure, as he wrote it, that *Peter Whiffle* was a novel. Actually, it was a semi-autobiographical romp through the sophisticated Continental and domestic settings Van Vechten knew best. Cosmopolitan artists and intellectuals of the day were utilized as characters, some under their own names, some thinly disguised. But the tone and style of the book were its most remarkable elements.

In *Peter Whiffle* and to some extent in each of his succeeding novels, Van Vechten produced a kind of mock decadence unique in American literature. His novels are hyperaesthetic, perverse, and often devoted to esoteric or archaic lore. His characters are restless sophisticates forever seeking sensation and running from boredom. But these traits are balanced by a pervasive good humor that makes Van Vechten an anomaly in the company of other decadents. Writers like Oscar Wilde, J. K. Huysmans, and Baudelaire are essentially tragedians. Their self-conscious art is neurasthenic

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and often morbid. When humor or whimsicality are added, as they are for instance in the work of Van Vechten's contemporary, James Branch Cabell, the product is likely to be labored cynicism.

Light novels cannot be written with a heavy hand, and Van Vechten's touch was adjusted to this fact. No matter how bizarre and ironic the activities of his characters became, and no matter how close they came to expressing his own life and ideas, the author maintained an essentially detached amusement. "A book," Campaspe Lorillard observed in his second novel, "should have the swiftness of melodrama, the lightness of farce, to be a real contribution to thought. . . . How could anything serious be hidden more successfully than in a book which pretended to be light and gay?" This was Van Vechten's creed for the seven novels that document so entertainingly the social and intellectual high life of the twenties. He knew what he was doing. While at work on this second novel, *The Blind Bow-Boy,* he wrote to a friend, "My formula at present consists in treating extremely serious themes as frivolously as possible." As the book took form, he added, "If Ben Hecht had written it, it could be called *devastating,* but I shall make it charming."

Today his novels are still quite readable. *Peter Whiffle, The Tattooed Countess, Nigger Heaven,* and *Parties,* the 1930 volume that served as a code to the rowdy twenties, deserve continuing attention from literary historians and general readers. And all seven novels offer insight for later decades into a fabulous era.

Carl Van Vechten stopped writing books in 1932. In his valedictory to music criticism, he had excused himself on the grounds that the times had caught up with him—the musical revolution had been accepted. He also recognized the symptoms of age when he found himself growing too fond of Strauss waltzes. Similar circumstances ended his cycle of novels. They were too much a part of the heyday of the twenties to engender sequels in the bleak thirties. Besides, after writing seven novels in eight years, he had simply had enough. After putting together a collection of retrospective essays, *Sacred and Profane Memories,* as his final volume in 1932, he concentrated on his talents as a photographer whose aim is to document with his camera the leading artists and celebrities of our time. Because his subjects come chiefly from his own continuing familiarity and rapport with the circles of celebrated performers and intellectuals, his collection of portraits comprises a remarkable cross-section of the lively arts in America. Recently, Van Vechten's enthusiasm was aroused on hearing a recording by Dave Brubeck, the jazz pianist. He arranged to photograph him during his next New York engagement, and both Brubeck and his alto saxophonist, Paul Desmond, joined the Van Vechten collection.

Van Vechten's subjects do not choose him; he chooses them. His photography is not a business. His frequent exhibitions in such places as the Museum of Modern Art, The New York Public Library, Fisk University, the Yale University Library, Howard University, and the Museum of the City of New York, feature his appreciative portraits of prominent Negroes. The New York City Department of Education has twice sponsored long showings of Van Vechten's Photographs of Negro Celebrities at Wadleigh High School. But this is hardly exceptional for the man who, as Negro author George Schuyler wrote recently, "has done more than any single person in this country to create the atmosphere of acceptance of the Negro."

He has performed similar service as the devoted friend and admirer of Gertrude Stein. Through the years since they first met in Paris, he was her constant champion. Since her death, as literary executor, he has helped edit and introduce Miss Stein's unpublished work.

An inveterate collector, Van Vechten has made certain that the wealth of material accumulated during his life will be preserved and utilized. He has established special collections at a number of institutions, and most of his time today is given to arranging, cataloguing, and augmenting these collections. To Fisk University he has given his Florine Stettheimer Memorial Collection of Books About the Fine Arts and his George Gershwin Memorial Collection of Music and Musical Literature. Fisk has shown its appreciation by naming its Gallery of Fine Arts after him. The Yale University Library houses his James Weldon Johnson Memorial Collection of Negro Arts and Letters and his comprehensive library of books about cats. To the New York Public Library he has given books, annotated manuscripts and personal correspondence. His enormous series of photographs on the theatre are in the Museum of the City of New York, and the Museum of Modern Art has his collection on ballet.

Carl Van Vechten lives, works, and entertains in his apartment on Central Park West. He moves through the nerve-jarring life of the city of New York at mid-century with the same ease and ubiquity he has always displayed. At the theatre, at the ballet and the opera, at almost any occasion where art and life merge in New York, you are likely to find the large, white-haired man, still an active part of his milieu and boundlessly appreciative of the people who give it animation.

A World War Seen from Monaco

by D. W. Brogan

IT is a problem that has sometimes amused me to try to solve, how to assess the various kinds of vanity that different professions breed. Each profession seems to have its special *déformation professionelle*; actors and preachers are preeners; politicians tend to be solemnly portentous or ostentiously cynical; professors (as J. A. Hobson pointed out) want to pass for practical men. And famous political journalists develop the double vanity of inside information and the Père Joseph complex. Sisley Huddleston certainly had both vanities in adequate amounts. He liked to be in the know (and he sometimes had been); he liked to persuade himself that he was a respected counsellor of the great, for this I know of no evidence but his own word.

The Tragic Years, 1939-1947: An Eyewitness Account of War, Occupation and Liberation, by Sisley Huddleston (Devin-Adair; $5).

The French collapse of 1940 was painful for Huddleston in more ways

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than one. It was a catastrophe for his adopted country, and it threatened to be equally disastrous for his native country. It was also disastrous for Huddleston. It put him to a test that he could not meet. A more philosophical man might have seen his misfortunes *sub specie aeternatis,* a more scholarly man might have kept a careful diary, not filled with what he remotely heard or guessed was going on in Paris or Vichy or London, but with what he saw and heard in his own circle at Monaco. Had Huddleston done this, he might have left a fairly valuable historical reference. What he has left is nearly worthless, except as tendentious materials for a life of Huddleston.

For, despite the subtitle, this is not "an eyewitness account" except in small part. It is an apologia for the Pétain regime (and much better ones have been written). It contains a great deal of guess work, some of it right, some of it wrong. It rehashes stories that have been better told before, like that of the Rougier mission to London. It expresses views, some of them sound, some not, some consistent with his general position, some not.

There was, there is a case for Vichy. There was, there is a case for Pierre Laval. Some of the *resistants* were fools, some knaves; the role of the Communist Party was as ambiguous and as odious in France as elsewhere (it was often also heroic). Many foolish, savage things were said and done when "Liberation" took place. Some crimes were passed over in 1944-5 which did no credit to the Liberation.

But there are certain things that have not changed. The high command of the French army was discredited in 1940. One of the persons responsible for the state of the army was General Weygand; another was Pétain. Yet one would gather from this book that Pétain had had nothing to do with the army since the great days of 1918. It is not mentioned that he was Minister of War in 1934, for instance. There is a great deal about the rally of the spirit of France to Pétain in 1940. People did turn to Pétain, but more in despair than hope and the whole project of "redeeming" France, while Germany controlled every aspect of Vichy's power, was based on an illusion.

Huddleston, for all his vanity, was not much more a fool than was Pierre Laval whom he characteristically writes off, not as a knave but as stupid! And so he sees, at moments, the basic error of Vichy and then falls back on vague Pétainist clichés. To ask a question I have asked elsewhere, how was it possible to take seriously a regime that proposed to purify French government with the aid of Pierre Laval and make French education a force for strengthening the family with the aid of Abel Hermant? If it be answered that these ministers were forced on Pétain by the Germans, that is exactly the weakness of the Vichy attempt at a "national revolution."

It would be easy to point out mistakes in this book as well as complain of an organization of it that makes its chronology superfluously difficult. When, for example, did Huddleston see "the bombing of Marseilles [a mistake, an aviator told me later!], a whole quarter in ruins, the dead running into thousands"? Much of what he says of indiscriminate bombing is just. But even his criticisms are vitiated by his astonishing self-centeredness, personal and national. He tells us that Pétain and he deprecated the liberation of France by an attack in France.

No doubt. But it was the basic error of the foreign policy of Vichy, an error to be allowed for when the balance of Vichy accounts is cast up, that Pétain and his supporters believed that France *could* contract out of the war. Neither Hitler nor Churchill, nor later Stalin nor Roosevelt would permit it. It wasn't that kind of war. It was dreadful that Normandy suffered so much; it was also regrettable that, from northern France, came the V-Ones that made life in London as unpleasant, almost, as it was in the Monaco to which Huddleston retired in 1940. For it is one of the oddest things about this book that nowhere does Huddleston give an explanation of what must seem, at first sight, an odd decision, to become a French citizen, that is, contract out of the war, at the moment that his own country was in such terrible danger.

True, Huddleston had lived a long time in France (his English was corrupted by this fact). But if his action in 1940 was defensible, it needed defending. It does not get it here. We get, instead, a repeated imputation of motives of cowardice and greed to the handful of Gaullists of the summer of 1940. The early Gaullists did not know that they were in on a good thing. There was, after all, the United States ready to receive Frenchmen who did not want to stay in France.

It is usually bad manners and bad morals to comment on the character of people like Huddleston, but not only is his own self-approval comically exaggerated, some of the people he thus condemns were, and are, friends of mine. London, in the late summer of 1940, was no place for *attentistes.* Monaco was better.

Hope out of France

by Paul Engle

A YOUNG Frenchman is talking to an American girl he has met in his native village:

"I want to be mayor of Abelin," he said, as if he were saying: *I'd like to take the sun down and try another way of lighting for a while.*

This novel differs from all others about contemporary France in that it offers a new way of lighting the bitter problem of French-American relations. For Michel Vaillant, schoolteacher of Abelin, has learned a great affection for Americans through helping American flyers to escape during the war, and has dedicated his life to diminishing the loathing so many of his countrymen feel toward the USA, and the ignorance so many of us have for France.

Everything Kay Boyle writes has fl
ency of prose and imaginativeness
conception. This has more of b
those qualities than some others of
books. It is as if she had fired the
with all of her unique insight and
tion toward the country where sh
so long. The taste and smell a
tonation of France are here, and
with them, a troubled concern

The Seagull on the Step, by Kay Bole (Knopf; $3.50).

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own country. When Kay Boyle describes a harbor with the fishing boats going out, or a conversation on a bus along the Mediterranean, the cast of the net and the cast of the voice are French.

It's a wonderful story Kay Boyle tells. An American girl, studying art in Paris while keeping an eye on her boy friend in the diplomatic service, reads a letter in a newspaper. It is from a Frenchman on the south coast asking for the American flyer, with whom he walked the dangerous roads at night, to come to his village and see what he is trying to do. She cannot persuade her official friend to go, so she travels herself. The book opens with the bus taking her to the village. The driver is furiously anti-American and his steady attacks on the USA are warmly received by most of the passengers. Going down a steep hill the brakes will not work and the bus plunges over the edge.

The girl regains consciousness in a strange house with a woman who had also been on the bus. The balance of the book is the narrative of the girl's discovery of the village: of Vaillant, who had written the letter; of the cripple Marrakech; of the doctor who treats her and turns out to be a poisoner; of the whole confusion and conflict between propertied and professional villagers on the one hand and fishing people on the other. Through her presence, all of the forces are activated and brought to crisis.

It would be hard to think of a novel which gives a shrewder insight into the dilemma of "ordinary" Frenchmen today, or of a certain sort of official American mind. Vaillant says to Peter Cornish, when he has come down from Paris to find his girl:

> "By profession, we're doomed to function among the intellectuals, but perhaps we haven't the right any more . . . to let it end there. With one quarter of my country voting Communist and the other three quarters split in a dozen ways, I have to speak, I have to act. I have to believe that it's me—the good European—and you—the good American—who together will find the energy and honesty to build our own defense."

"Our own?" repeated Cornish, his face baffled and humorless. "I'm afraid that isn't the role an American is authorized to take here—at least, not an American at the level—is authorized to take."

The point that Vaillant's position is unique in its friendliness, the state of mind in Cornish's reply is appalling.

Because she was on the bus at the time of its accident, the girl is blamed for it, on the ground of distracting the driver. The ultimate story of who actually did cut the brake tubes, and of the whole murderous life of the small community, is integrated with the revelation of the still powerful impacts of the war on the villagers and of the struggle for how to use American funds to aid the village. Through it, there is the gradual affection of Vaillant and the girl for each other, and the final scene in which Vaillant and Cornish act out the ancient ritual of the joust from boats, striving to knock each other into the water, in a struggle for the girl. Watching the game, a Frenchman comments:

> "That's what the game was for once, not done for money, or for the tourist trade, but done for a woman. Maybe that gives it a kind of honor again. . . . Perhaps that's what the lot of us are looking for."

There are two flaws. The girl is generalized "girl," a point of view toward action and others, and not an individual. And there is too much deliberate stating of abstractions, as when the girl says to Vaillant, when they meet on a cliff at night as she is escaping from the doctor, who has just shoved Marrakech over, to his death:

> "This year, this moment, as you hold my shoulders, Vaillant, I believe that France is just beginning, that this is the new frontier, and everything to be won yet, to be discovered."

The author has put her own conviction too abruptly into the mouths of her characters.

But these are small concerns in a romantic, moving and yet immediate novel. Reading it, this reviewer wishes that the State Department, or the Fulbright authority, would send fewer respectable, uncreative, cautious professors to France, to reach a handful of academic people, and send more Kay Boyles. But that is absurd. There is only one Kay Boyle, whose elegant English, idiomatic French, imaginative energy and personal creativeness are a common glory shared by France and America.

Presidents and their Libraries

by Wilfred E. Binkley

It is enough to establish Jefferson's intense interest in books that the establishment of the first Library of Congress was due to his initiative. After that had gone up in smoke when the British burned the Capitol in 1814 Jefferson offered his magnificent private library to Congress at their own valuation. They accepted this offer after an acrimonious debate over the "dangerous books" it might contain. One would have scarcely thought early Americans could be so modern.

Three Presidents and their Books, Arthur Bestor, David C. Mearns, and Jonathan Daniels (Illinois; $2.50).

Professor Arthur Bestor's lecture reveals Jefferson's flair for research in the assiduity with which he collected manuscripts such as the early colonial Virginia statutes, by his pioneering in devising library classifications of books, his insistence that no facts however unfavorable to us concerning the Revolutionary War should be withheld from historians.

Jefferson was plagued by the conflict between his fundamental belief that truth will prevail over error if given its chance in the competition of a free market of ideas and his persistent fear that bad books would corrupt American youth with the heresy of toryism. He would have had the dangerous monarchism of Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws* corrected by the publication here of Count Destutt de Tracy's critical *Commentary and Review of Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws.* He wanted Hume's *History of England,* which seemed to be just an "apologia for the Stuart Monarchs," counteracted by the republication in America of Baxter's *History of England* which was downright verbatim plagiarization of Hume except for passages rewritten to correct the toryism. He

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wanted to "uncanonize Blackstone" who, like Hume, was "making tories" of the younger generation. He would have had published Blackstone elaborately annotated to counteract its toryism and return to the outlook of Coke's *Institutes*. Incidentally Jefferson was a century ahead of his time in insisting on case study in preparation for law.

Bestor's biggest problem was a list of books selected by Jefferson and Madison which, as members of the Board of Visitors of the just established University of Virginia, they had made permanent "required texts and documents" of the school of law and civil polity. In the list was included the Virginia Resolutions of 1798 which Henry Adams once pronounced, along with the Kentucky Resolutions, "the bible of Jeffersonian Republicans." It took some pages of Bestor's lecture to justify including this party propaganda in required university studies but he got it done. He makes the startling suggestions that we emulate the Gideons in getting the multi-volume emerging *Papers of Thomas Jefferson* in every public library. The trouble is that a Gideon Bible costs a dollar while the Jefferson papers will cost $520 a set. What a whale of a Gideon that will require!

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DAVID C. MEARNS, who was in charge of the opening of Robert Todd Lincoln's papers of his father in 1947 and their editor when they were later published, sifts evidence with the expert's skill and observes that "biographers have borrowed recklessly from one another." Much of the Mythology of Lincoln as the inveterate and omnivorous reader fades under the pitiless light of the researcher. No one can tell which one of the half dozen claimants who "taught [Lincoln] to read" is telling the truth. Confessedly he had less than a year of formal schooling. Equally conflicting is the evidence as to when and how he read in preparation for surveying and the practice of law. There are several versions of how he got access to Blackstone. His law partner Herndon adds to the confusion by declaring "I doubt if he ever read a single elementary law book through in his life. In fact . . . I never knew him to read through a law book of any kind."

This much is certain, that Lincoln, unlike Jefferson, was no bibliophile. Just before he left Springfield for his first inauguration he gave his library to Herndon and his books were dispersed throughout the land ten years later when Herndon's library was sold at public auction. Many of those books with Lincoln's name in the fly leaf show no other sign of having ever been opened. To Lincoln, books were merely a means to an end. Curiously enough there is described in one of Lincoln's manuscripts a reading aptitude test he had apparently invented.

Consulting the records of the Library of Congress, Mearns discovered that, during the Civil War years, 125 loans of books had been made to the President but the nature of the titles indicates they were probably borrowed "for members of the Lincoln family or for his secretariat." Lincoln had an unconcealed contempt for biography, possibly induced by reading campaign biographies not excluding his own. He was a great reader of the Bible which may account for Thomas Reed Powell's observation that "Lincoln and Jesus used the best English."

Concerning a report, buttressed with plausible details, that Lincoln read Homer's Iliad and Odyssey with rapt interest, Mearn thinks "it is amazing that it never shown through." In 1864 Lincoln declared, in contradiction to reports, "I have never read a novel in my life . . . I once commenced Ivanhoe but never finished it." Shakespeare, Burns and Byron fascinated him. Before he became President he apparently kept abreast of public affairs by persistent reading of several newspapers. Mearns accepts Herndon's solemn judgment. "The truth about the whole matter is that Mr. Lincoln read *less* and thought *more* than any man in his sphere in America."

JONATHAN DANIELS would like to invest the Chief Executive with a new title, "Bookman in Chief." He pays Franklin Roosevelt the oblique compliment of doubting "if there ever was a more bookish man in the White House." If the poet Oliver Wendell Holmes was correct in his assumption that an infant should roll around among the books of a library, Franklin Roosevelt had what it takes. He was a bibliophile reveling in first editions and elegantly bound books and never forgot the advice of an old Boston book dealer given him in his Harvard years, "Never destroy anything." Like Jefferson he "had a positive addiction for labeling and cataloging books." He took pride in the size of his collection of books and found joy in writing his name in the hundreds of books given him. Some of his marginal comments are curious. Concerning Beard's *A Foreign Policy for America* written some years before the savant had charged Roosevelt with war guilt, he noted, "40 years of hard and continuous study has brought forth an inbred mouse." One of John T. Flynn's vitriolic tomes was adjudged, "rather dull fiction."

Franklin Roosevelt had his distant cousin Theodore's flair for rapid reading. He finished off *Gone With the Wind* with a few hours in bed and then passed an informal test given by the incredulous Eleanor on characters, style, quality and plot. Congressional Librarian Archibald MacLeish commissioned Alexander Wollcott to "maintain for the President in the White House a shelf of the best mystery, detective, etc. stuff."

These Windsor Lectures in Librarianship under the auspices of the University of Illinois will put no literate American to sleep.

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Out of the Fight for Warsaw

by Daniel Bell

IN a recent issue of *Encounter,* the noted Polish modernist composer and conductor Anton Panufnik, who a year ago fled to the West, reported that Czeslaw Milosz's *The Captive Mind* was circulating clandestinely among Polish intellectuals. The volume, published here two years ago, was a revealing document on the temper of the intelligentsia in the Sovietized countries. Here was a world far removed from ours, a world where the intellectual, serving the God of *Diamat* (the all-embracing system of dialectical materialism) finds escape from sterility only by engaging in the dangerous game of Ketman, or a type of "second-degree lie" whereby the intellectual systematically uses words with double meanings in order to conform to party dicta, yet cunningly register his own dissent.

The Seizure of Power, by Czeslaw Milosz (Criterion; $3).

Perhaps only in Poland would the book be sufficiently meaningful. For most of us, caught up in the prosaic routines of work, commuting, home, children, etc., the idea of "extreme" situations is only a literary one. Yet, increasing numbers of men have had to face the question of "commitment." And in choice, as modern existentialism reminds us, character is defined.

Milosz, a young Polish poet and skilled translator (of T. S. Eliot and Shakespeare), lived through the fighting in Warsaw and chose then to accept the new regime. He did so because in the old order feudal reaction overlay the bourgeois dross. As an intellectual he could only choose a regime that supported culture. In *The Captive Mind* he told us, intellectually, how false the illusion was. A cultural attaché in Paris, a member of a privileged class, nonetheless he chose the hard road of breaking, and living in exile—and became a writer in the most difficult straits—cut off from native audience, and even native tongue. He became a member of a new generation. Not an ex-Communist, stamped on the obverse medallion to the Communist (Milosz was never a party member), but the post-Communist, the man baked and blanched, who has gone through the inferno, and now, with unblinking eyes, stands against all illusions. In his second book, *The Seizure of Power,* a novel which won the *Prix Litteraire Européen,* he has gone back to the days of the fighting in Warsaw, and sought to recreate the atmosphere in which the initial choice was made.

The novel opens with the advance of the Red Army into Poland. Peter Kwinto, a pre-war intellectual who had dabbled in French modernist poetry, is with it as a propagandist. So, too, are a number of other intellectuals, mostly Jews, several of whom, like Kwinto, had been in Russian concentration camps. Some nourish hope of finding place in the new regime; Kwinto goes along because his mind is not yet made up. The novel soon shifts. New characters enter. We are with an underground unit in Warsaw, loyal to the government in London, which has just opened battle. Then, like one of the early Russian movies, the novel gathers staccato force through rapid cutting to quick scene after scene: A train takes Poles to German concentration camps, the Red Army advances. A love scene in a gutted cellar, as a last act of life. The resistance ends. The NKVD moves in. Guerrillas hide out in the woods. The impressions rise to a flood tide, and the reader is pulled dizzily along.

Yet, there is an important method in all this. Milosz is trying desperately to convey the bewildering sense of reality and he can only do so by fragmenting it. Time has lost its simple metric sense of regular, rhythmic continuity. All is "moment," event, *durée.* Each little scene, like a movie scenario, is an event, and time jerks ahead in kaleidoscopic flashes. The characters (and fifteen or more are rapidly introduced in the short space of 223 pages), go their own separate ways, brushing up against each other lightly, the tangled skein held loosely, as it would be, in the hands of the NKVD agent who himself is trying to fit the pieces together.

Unlike Silone's and Koestler's works, this is less a novel of ideas. If anything, its progenitor is Malraux in *Man's Fate.* The problem for both is how, in the contemporary novel, one conveys the fluidity of action, the confusions of experience. As the painter faced the competition of photography, so the "modern" novelist faces the challenge of the cinema. And, as the modern painter breaks up the canvas, so the modern novelist is forced to break up the story. Action moves by rapid juxtapositions, by short flashes, by quick evocative descriptions, by interweaving simultaneous events, by so chopping up the story that the reader can no longer stop and engage in dialogues with the character; the experience is thrust upon him.

In all this, as in modern abstract art, a revolution in sensibility is taking place. The key element is an emphasis on sensation, simultaneity and immediacy. Space and time are broken up, and one lives, so to speak, as if the four dimensions are gathered into one. As William Barrett has noted, this is the "orientalization" of Western art.

Western thought and Western art have been "rational." The characteristics of Western cosmology are that it emphasizes beginning and end, cause and effect; art has bounded space and perspective that defines form. Time as a quantitative, metric dimension is itself a Western invention. The clock, a means of measurement, defines an hour by a movement of a tell-tale indicator through 360 degrees of space; the day is defined by the spin of the earth, the year by the ellipses of the globe. In the rationalization of thought we begin, with Aristotle, with first cause and seek sequence. Thought and action, presumably, are directed by some purpose, and, bound by this teleology, we frame our basic categories in terms of means and ends.

YET there is another, Eastern tradition (of which the growing interest in Oriental painting, in Jungian archetypes and Zen metonymy is symptomatic) wherein the cosmos is boundless, wherein there is neither beginning nor end, where only the concrete, or the moment, is real. In painting this tradition has already captured the West. In abstract expressionism there is no perspective, no sense of form organized through depth. There is only the flatness of surface in which the pigment is "pushed," so to speak, toward the spectator so that it leaps immediately to the eye, and the sense of distance between viewer and object is eclipsed.

This eclipse of distance has its counterpart in another area of our experience.

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In the unconscious, says Freud, there is no sense of time. Every event in the past still carries the immediacy and emotional charge of that event. Where it bursts through, distorted as in a dream, or acted out as in neurotic panic, it is not even *as if* we are in the past, but the past *is* the present. The function of the ego, of maturity, is to interpose a sense of time between the self and experience so that it can be ordered, so that it can be put into perspective and judgments made.

The singular triumph of modern art is (more than in the simple meaning of surrealism) the triumph of the "unconscious," for the newer art forms, particularly modern painting and the screen, attempt precisely to eclipse the sense of distance between the spectator and the experience and, literally to engulf him. In the screen not only are scenes selected by the camera, and the pace and emotion imposed by the cutting, but with the large screen the onlookers are literally pulled into the picture. A dyadic relation between the spectator and the experience is broken; the contemplation of action is impossible; no longer do we have art *as* experience, all is experience, and all is sensation.

It is in this sense that Milosz's book assumes an intense technical interest. In his effort to recapture the experience, he is forced to break down the traditional structures. We realize early in the book that we are, in a sense, *in media res*. Life has been going on for some time before the book has started. Individuals have touched each other somewhere in the past and may, or may not see each other again. It is almost an accident, in fact, that the printed page has begun where it has. There is no beginning to the story, only a plunge into its life. The pace of the advance of the army, the swelling omnipresence of the NKVD permit no distance between the individual and the events; the two are fused as one, and the reader, having been pulled through the page, becomes swept along as well.

When all is said and done, what emerges is a graphic picture of the confusions that follow in the tide of war and some quick, impressionistic sketches (some superbly realized) of intellectuals trapped by forces more powerful than they: an ultra-nationalist Catholic and a positivist skeptic, hating each other, yet locked by circumstance in the same resistance group; a Jewish intellectual, bitter at the Home Army, who can only find a place among the partisans; an aristocrat *manqué* who knows, that like his feudal forbears, he will end up as one of the rulers of the new society because of his role in the NKVD, and Kwinto (a hint at a self-portrait) who understands finally that he must flee.

Despite these portraits, there is little talk, little of the long, involved discussion of ideas we have come to expect in the political novel. In part this is a product of the impressionist technique which fragments action and does not permit continuity of ideas. Beyond the technique, there is a "functional" reason why there are no discussions. This is a world where people do not talk. Talk can mean betrayal, and all thoughts are private thoughts. One is forced to use official language, and the function of official language is to deprive one of the experience of reality. So, the characters do little more than muse, half-sardonically, half-bitterly. "When the masses begin to understand that nobody is personally responsible, they become apathetic; then it is easy to mold and shape them," reflects Wolin, the aristocrat *manqué*. The lesson is clear. To be human is to accept moral responsibility. But can one? As the German said after Hitler, "but what could I do. . . ." And, as the American may say after the H-bomb has fallen, "but what could I. . . ."

Talk, where it exists, is allusive. After all, the facts of life are clear to everyone and explication is unnecessary. Even where politics comes to the fore the answers are elliptical. Artym, a venerable socialist, when asked by Kwinto whether he sees any hope in the new regime, makes off-hand reference to the theories of Machajski (a long-forgotten Russian anarchist whose theories had a slight vogue here when introduced by Max Nomad in 1932 in the pages of *The Modern Quarterly*). For those who know, the reference has a political moral, for as early as 1905 Machajski theorized that the socialist movement was merely an instrument of the intellectuals as a class, to assume power, and that in the nature of society, workers (meaning manual laborers), would always find themselves involved in a permanent class struggle.

In these ways Milosz hints at his own stand. Kwinto notes ironically about Seal, a courageous fighter in the Warsaw streets who had gone to Artym for advice, that he had "a suppressed need for enthusiasm, and . . . that Seal, more easily than he, could become a fanatical adherent of the Eastern Doctrine." Why fear enthusiasm? Because enthusiasm, as the history of religious sects shows, has a tendency to carry the believer into a worldly absolutism. The anabaptists of the sixteenth century, believing out of a quasi-mystical experience that they now possessed grace, and therefore were no longer in a state of sin, felt able to murder for the faith since their acts were no longer touched with sin. Similarly the modern ideologist, touched with "truth" can excuse many acts for the sake of advancing the true belief.

If any explicit statement of a standpoint emerges it is in the counterpoint of the slow, philosophical prefaces to each part and in the coda. Professor Gil, an old pre-war liberal who has lost his university post under the new regime, makes his living by translating Thucydides. The passages he is translating deal with the Corcyreans. Though the war was between Athens and Sparta, Corcyra was pulled in because of her navy and her trade, and though Corcyra was not directly concerned, the civil war raged more fiercely *and the internal strife* rent the city more violently than in any other city in the Peloponnesian War. Such is the fate of the bystander.

Thucydides, as commonly interpreted, is sparing of moral comment. Man, in Thucydides' view, is trapped by necessity or circumstance, so there can be little moral comment other than the pieties. And this may be the surface detachment that Milosz seeks to convey. Yet, as David Grene points out, there is more in Thucydides: there is a sense of awe in the face of chance, the sense of waste in the fate determined—in short the common ingredients of tragedy—but also the sense that where choice and true freedom of decision are possible, tiny though they may be, then moral judgment, even for the historian, is imperative.

For Milosz, as a refugee without a home, a fate shared by millions, there is the moral imperative, if only, as a stoic, to fight against the sense of meaninglessness that affects one when one's life-space has shrunk. And even for a man, isolated in a corner, reduced to translating the dead musings of the past, ob-

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sessed by futility and the sense of being cut off from the common heritage, "is it not better to ponder the only important question: how [can] man preserve himself from the taint of sadness and indifference?"

The World of Sholom Aleichem

by Charles Angoff

ONE of the persistent mysteries of the contemporary American literary world is the condescension with which so many of the critics and reviewers evaluate writings, especially imaginative ones, about Jewish life in general and American Jewish life in particular. The nearly 6 million Jews in the United States constitute perhaps the largest minority in our midst, yet novels and collections of short stories about them are often considered "special" by some review editors, in the same class with books on the archeology of Central Yemen or with studies of the politics of the Hopi Indians.

The Great Fair: Scenes From my Childhood, by Sholom Aleichem (Noonday; $3.75).

American Jewry, especially in the past 75 years, has produced a very considerable literature, yet one would hardly know it from reading even the New York literary Sunday supplements. One of the staff reviewers for no less a newspaper than the *New York Times* recently sneered at that towering novel, *The Rise of David Levinsky,* by Abraham Cahan, after summarizing it briefly and incorrectly. The same man of letters, not long ago, devoted three paragraphs of his valuable space to the entire works of Sholom Aleichem. He was very polite, but he made it clear that he still inclined to think that Betty Smith, author of *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,* which sent him into paroxysms of critical delight, was a superior artist.

This authority is a non-Jew. But, alas, there are Jewish intellectuals who are equally obtuse. One eminent Jewish professor at Columbia University, who insists that his students read books before they offer opinions about them, has disposed of all writings about Jews by other Jews in Yiddish as "sentimental balderdash." He is far from a stupid man; one has to conclude, then, that he doesn't know what he is talking about.

The reasons behind this state of affairs are deeply rooted in all sorts of psychological trauma, but this is hardly the place even to state them fully. One continues to hope, however, that in the not too distant future books about Jewish life, in this country and abroad, will be given the same consideration as are books about Swedish life and Danish life and Armenian life and Irish life. Many of them make engrossing reading, and some are of stupendous artistic stature.

The books of Sholom Aleichem belong to this latter category. It is fortunate, indeed, that so many of them have already been translated into English. Translating Sholom Aleichem, as indeed translating other Yiddish masters such as Y. L. Peretz and Mendele Mocher Sforim and Avram Reisin, presents great difficulties, yet enough of his tone and flavor and *Yiddisher ta'am* can be carried over for all readers to enjoy him. He is the Charles Dickens of Jewish writers, and he is also the Cervantes and sometimes the Mark Twain and the Sherwood Anderson. But chiefly, of course, he is Sholom Aleichem, who loved his people, who knew their failings and their greatness and pretensions and struggles and heroisms, who laughed with them and sighed with them and cried with them and exulted with them and was terror stricken with them and was eternally fascinated with their every nuance of meeting whatever life had to offer them in their two thousand years of wandering across the face of the earth.

How did he come to know so much of the innermost hopes and regrets and dreams of Jewish cantors and *mohels* and rabbis and grandmothers? How did he come to know that "hunger was the trademark of the choir boy"? Where and when did he learn so much about "the habit of sighing" among Jews? Where did he learn so much about the shadings in stepmothers—how some of them exploded when they suddenly discovered that a widower whom they had just married had "forgotten" to include "three or four" of the younger children by his former wife? . . . and how others didn't really show their venom till they had some children of their own and began to apportion food according to a system of priority of their own? Where did he learn the secrets of making "cherry wine" and "Madeira" and "Sherry" and "Kosher Wine for Passover"—all from raisins "specially treated"?

How did Sholom Aleichem get to know so much about the trials and tribulations of *apikorsim* (skeptics) in small Jewish communities in Russia—brash young men who dared to question the story of Jonah and the whale and even to wonder in public whether fasting on Yom Kippur "made any sense," though they were sufficiently doubtful of their own doubts to fast themselves on Yom Kippur? Sholom Aleichem frequently reminds his readers that "a Jew without a wife is a curiosity"; when did he first meet such a Jew and what was he like, and why was young Sholom Aleichem so taken with him? And what were the little dingy *cheders* like that he went to and where he first encountered so many different types of *rebbes,* all of them lovable, but some, alas, given to original forms of corporal punishment for failure to be properly attentive to one's studies? And who were some of the *ba'alaggoles* (coachmen) whom he knew as a child—that wonderful group of endless talkers and boasters who were the delight of poor little boys and little girls who listened to them with intense delight as they piled romance upon romance and fantasy upon fantasy? And just what was Sholom Aleichem's own *bar-mitzvah* like that he never forgot it? And, finally, what is the sad long meaningful story behind his remark: "Who knows why a mother weeps?"

The answers, full and warm and deeply enriching, are to be found in *The Great Fair,* the story of his childhood, now ably translated into English for the first time by his granddaughter, Tamara Kahana. Here are the origins of virtually all of Sholom Aleichem's characters and many of his situations. Here is the source of all that marvelous warmth and loving understanding, all the softness and all the charm and all the sweet kindness and all the tender insight into both young and old, that

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make up Sholom Aleichem. Between an unforgettable portrait of his father at the beginning—"A tall man with a broad, white, wrinkled forehead, a thin beard which seemed to smile, and a constantly worried expression"—and an equally unforgettable portrait of a cantor's daughter's perfidy—"Why had she deceived him, written him love letters, kissed his hand, sworn undying love?" —there is a world of people who are so vital they leap from the pages and sink deep into the reader's heart and mind to remain there for years and years.

The Great Fair is one of the truly great autobiographies. Perhaps . . . perhaps it will at long last break down the wall of condescension that has kept so many people from enjoying the modern literature of the Jews.

Foundations and Economic Research

by Seymour E. Harris

If you want to know how Americans spend their income; the costs of slum clearance; the number of hospital beds available and required; population trends; the number of miles of transport by road, railways and planes; the time-allocation of a teacher in a one-room school; clothing replacement rates for a city worker's family; the prices paid by government over the years for different services and commodities; the cost of the typical worker's budget; estimated efficiency of energy conversion by sources of energy, 1850-1950; death-rates and life-expectancy, 1900-1951; costs of veterans' programs; productivity trends in selected industries; daily per capita food consumption; rated capacity in selected industries—if you want these or thousands of other series, they are here to be exploited. As one eager to ferret out the facts, I express my great indebtedness to the Twentieth Century Fund. I hope that they will give us a new edition within four years and not make us wait eight years again.

America's Needs and Resources: A New Survey, by J. Frederic Dewhurst and Associates (The Twentieth Century Fund; $10).

This volume is more than a statistical dictionary. For example, we are presented with an estimate by the American Medical Association's Dr. Dickinson of the country's need for doctors. Of course, the AMA finds that there are plenty of doctors; hence by inference there is no case for federal subsidies of the medical schools. But the editors are fair. They present opposing views.

At times the reader could profit from a more critical appraisal of the material. For example, the authors present statistics for the rise in the cost of medical care. Fees of doctors since the 'thirties have risen much less than other prices. Hence doctors' services are considered a bargain. But it should be pointed out that the service itself is now less extensive in various respects. Doctors make calls less frequently (they are not available for night calls as a rule); they increasingly require patients to come to them. They are busier and give less time and energy per visit. Despite the relatively modest increase in his charges per service, the physician's net income has risen about 215 percent since 1930, two to four times the rise of other professional groups. The rise of charge per service may be misleading.

In the chapter on education, a number of careful estimates lead to a conclusion that actual demand will rise from $10.5 billion in 1950 to $15.3 billion in 1960; but an adequate educational program in 1960 would demand outlays of from $17.6 to $21.9 billion. Here a deficit of $6.6 billion is assumed by 1960. The major part of the increase in demand is attributed to government outlays. It would have been helpful if the manner of financing the additional public funds were discussed, though there is an excellent discussion of why it is necessary to raise educational outlays to $22 billion.

This volume raises the question of the objectives of the research organization. The Twentieth Century Fund "believes that its research should serve a useful purpose. It should be concerned with areas of interest and importance to the public and with specific problems facing the American people. Such research should provide pertinent information, designed to illuminate and clarify issues and problems and, when relevant, aid in the formulation of wise and beneficial policies. But problems cannot be understood and policies cannot be formulated without widespread public knowledge."

In publishing *America's Needs and Resources* and two recent encyclopaedic volumes by Woytinsky on labor and population, the Fund has helped to provide pertinent information and facilitated the task of those who might want to study the problems of housing, education, medicine, distribution of income, social security, tax policy, federal grants and many, many others. The distinguished Board of Directors (Adolph Berle Jr., Chairman, Francis Biddle, Vice Chairman, and such eminent men as Robert Oppenheimer, Robert Lynd, David Lilienthal, and Charles Taft) are to be congratulated, as is Dr. Dewhurst, the Executive Director of the Fund.

These three massive and extraordinary volumes suggest to the writer another conclusion. Research organizations would do well to concentrate on factual studies of the type represented by this volume. The National Bureau of Economic Research pioneered in the empirical field and in so doing contributed greatly toward an understanding of the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of our economy. Kuznets' strategic work on income, Mitchell and Burns on cycles, Mills on prices, Fabricant on productivity, Macaulay on interest rates—these and similar studies have not been matched anywhere.

But once these research organizations embark on studies of the national debt, Keynesian economics, international trade, social security, etc., and treat the great issues of the day, they are moving into a region where they do not do their most effective work. I much prefer the early work of Moulton and others on consumption, savings, etc., to the later attempts of the Brookings Institution under Moulton to deal with monopoly, health, social security, and similar issues. In the latter, Brookings seemed to use foundation money to present a particular position: generally an anti-government-intervention one.

One of the most troublesome problems in research is to obtain required funds without obligation to present a particular viewpoint. The great success of the National Bureau of Economic Research, evident in its tremendous influence in

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empirical economics, has been associated with a concentration on the collecting and organizing of facts for the use of others.

Once the research organization enters the arena of public policy, then its findings will be examined by its donors. No truly great research organization will take funds on the condition that it present a particular slant, but the donors soon find out which bureaus produce results that are acceptable. Generally cash tends to flow into the research organizations which take the orthodox views on such matters as monetary policy, fiscal policy and the national debt.

It is a surprising fact that the Reece Committee should have found that the foundations stimulated unorthodoxy. I would have made exactly the opposite charge: that they have been fearful of the unorthodox. This charge does not apply to all of them, not on the more interesting approaches of some of the newer foundations. Robert Hutchins, for example, avoids orthodox like the plague. What is unfortunate about the Reece Committee is that the minority of adventurous directors of the foundations may now hesitate or be forced into submission.

In my opinion the solution of these thorny problems is for the large nonprofit research organization—Brookings, National Bureau, Twentieth Century Fund—to abandon (insofar as they now finance them) studies of issues of public policy.

For promoting the analysis of large public issues, the foundations and other disbursers of research money should deal directly with universities. Small grants should be available to the individual scholar, irrespective of his ideological views, and in general to scholars of all kinds of views. Then the outcome would not be determined by the predisposition of the donor, nor by the fears of the directors of foundations, nor by the pressure of Mr. Reece. At present the foundations err not only in providing funds for research which are used in part to carry forward the wrong kind of work, but also (because it is a saving of time and energy) in concentrating excessively on large grants, even though more productive results are often to be obtainable from smaller grants. How many young and able workers have been sucked into these vast enterprises, sacrificing ideas and interests to the pecuniary incentive?

SELECTED BOOKS

IN her latest advice to well-bred ladies, Emily Post suggests they learn to compose their social notes by reading the two masters of present-day English prose —Sir Winston Churchill and Rebecca West. And with reason. Miss West's "six brilliant reports on aspects of our lawless times" reconfirm her special word wizardry. With her highly developed feel for atmosphere, her eye for detail, her probing for the whys of beastly behavior, Miss West in six essays on crime and punishment (or the lack thereof) reports on the Nuremburg trials, murder trials (one a Southern lynching and the other a torso murder in England), and an espionage trial. She describes, meditates and moralizes; is unfailingly interesting though perhaps not always reliable in her political judgments (ie. speaking of the refugees from Eastern Europe: "Mr. Churchill and Presidents Roosevelt and Truman had imposed Communism on their countries without consulting the inhabitants.")

A Train of Powder by Rebecca West (Viking; $3.75)

AS USUAL in the novels of Mauriac, the character he singles out for the grace of conversion to Catholicism does so for reasons which are meaningful only to Catholics; consequently, the change is never natural, and is an element in his work which has to be accepted on faith; this is unfair to the reader, or at least to non-Catholic readers. The convert, in this instance, is a palely drawn daughter of a nobleman who falls in love with the son of her father's bailiff. Short, intense, and always absorbing, the novel has a lusty air about it which its title would suggest.

Flesh and Blood by François Mauriac (Farrar, Straus; $3).

MAUGHAM is surely one of our best modern story-tellers, and knows it; moreover, he wants every novelist to be one—that's what he thinks novels are for. In a simple and disarming introduction which teems with charming iconoclasms, he tells us how he came to choose the "ten best novels"; the body of the book deals critically with *Tom Jones, Pride and Prejudice, Le Rouge et le Noir, Wuthering Heights, Le Père Goriot, David Copperfield, Madame Bovary, Moby Dick, The Brothers Karamazov* and *War and Peace*. Short, unprentious biographical sketches form part of these essays, which are an enlarged version of a collection of prefaces published in 1948.

The Art of Fiction by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday; $4.50).

ON September 3, 1929, US Steel stock at 262; by July 1932 you could buy it at 22; Radio Corporation of America Common, which had never paid a dividend, reached 505, two years later it was scraping bottom. In swift, caustic, witty, readable prose economist Galbraith tells the incredible story of man's folly. Unctuous Washington statesmen didn't dare shoot Santa Claus, and after the crash could only utter incantations. The 10 years subsequent depression was triggered by the crash, Dr. Galbraith thinks, but was due to other causes notably such poor distribution of national income that the country couldn't buy the goods it produced. The book is fascinating but discouraging; there is no new economic interpretation of what caused the great illusion. Warnings were regarded as faintly subversive. It could happen again.

The Great Crash 1929, by John Kenneth Galbraith (Houghton Mifflin; $3).

NO man to turn his back on a friend he had known decades earlier for four years (even though the friend had become, by the time this account was written, the instrument of merciless destruction of which he too had become the victim), August Kubizek sympathetically, naïvely draws a portrait of young Hitler "as no other book has done" (as H.R. Trevor-Roper puts it in his introduction). The formative years in Linz and Vienna, during which "Adolph confided to me things that he told no one," show Hitler as the restless, penniless, unemployable dreamer, supremely "inner-directed," driven by a self-will and self-confidence frightening even in one so young. A thoroughly displaced person ("he did not know what resignation meant"), Adolf comes to life as a lonely, friend-

The Young Hitler I Knew by August Kubizek (Houghton Mifflin; $4).

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less (by choice, apparently), moody adolescent, obsessed not with the desire to make his way in the world, but to make the world *his* way.

Bonjour Tristesse by Françoise Sagan (Dutton; $2.50).

THIS tale of a fun-loving father whose succession of mistresses is almost terminated by one who wants to become his wife, who in turn is thwarted by his daughter, is a psychologically involved ramification of the so-called eternal triangle—this time one with four sides. The style is elegant, the prose lovely, and the translation excellent. Best of all, and most surprising coming from an eighteen-year-old, it is compact and precise, at the same time maintaining a rare breadth and scope. While the book ends with each thread neatly knotted, Sagan has created characters whose careers are not hard to follow in the pages which aren't there; it would be a pleasure, however, to see these people again, and we hope that Sagan is still writing about them.

The Accident, by Dexter Masters (Knopf; $4).

BECAUSE the details surrounding an actual accident during an atomic experiment in 1946 are still classified material, a documentary account of the event and the consequent slow death due to radiation sickness is manifestly impossible. Working with the facts which are available, Masters has written a long and tedious novel, most of which is ballast. The passages describing the progress of the disease are fascinating enough with no embroidery, but interminable flashbacks (one of which takes up over a quarter of the book), long-winded exegeses of the contemporary scientific dilemma, and irrelevant ladies waltzing in and out of hospital rooms all conspire to make for dull reading.

The Tree of Culture, by Ralph Linton (Knopf; $7.50).

THIS lucid and readable book relates authoritatively what anthropologists have learned of the origins, development, and relationships of the cultures of the world. It presents human history in magnificent perspective, and is particularly significant in restoring Southeast Asia to its proper place as one of the major sources of world civilization. Linton does not slight the simple cultures of the past and present, of which so many have long been extinguished or are now flickering out before our eyes, nor does he falter in his penetrating analyses of such complex societies as those of ancient Egypt, feudal Japan, and pre-Columbian Mexico. Published posthumously, this volume is a fitting monument to a great scholar and teacher who had the rare gift of expressing scientific findings in terms that at once inform the layman and stimulate the scholar.

Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve, by Dannie Abse (Criterion; $3).

MINOR stylistic inconsistencies mar an otherwise well-written though overepisodic novel which deals with the growing-up and adolescence of a Jewish boy in Cardiff. While well worth reading, it nevertheless could be either shorter or longer; in one case with less talk, and in the other with a more secure dramatic line.

There is always something fascinating about Jewish communal life in countries like Scotland and Wales, perhaps because the results in terms of speech are so curious. In any case, Dr. Abse, a Welshman who knows his languages, has written, in English, with some Yiddish and Cymric thrown in, an entertaining but static book.

Notes on Contributors

THOMAS MANN was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. REUEL DENNEY teaches at the University of Chicago. LOUIS MACNEICE is a British poet. WILLIAM EDWARD WALKER and HAROLD WITT are young American poets. WILL HERBERG'S new book, *Protestant—Catholic—Jew: A Study in American Religious Sociology* will be published early in the summer. GEOFFREY WAGNER'S book *Parade of Pleasure* has just been published. PADRAIC COLUM recently published his Collected Poems. EDWARD LUEDERS' new book on Van Vechten was published this month. D. W. BROGAN, of Cambridge University, is the author of *Politics in America.* PAUL ENGLE has written several volumes of poems and essays. WILFRED E. BINKLEY teaches at Ohio Northern University. DANIEL BELL is on the staff of *Fortune* magazine. CHARLES ANGOFF'S newest novel is *The Sun at Noon.* SEYMOUR E. HARRIS is professor of economics at Harvard.

CORRESPONDENCE

► Lawrence of Arabia

SIRS:

In his letter on Lawrence, (*NR,* April 18), Mr. William McFee is remarkably incoherent. He writes:

> I had been in the Royal Navy in the Red Sea when Lawrence was executing his exploits, blowing up trains. The feeling was, the blowing-up was doing very little to get the Turks away. They returned every night after our planes had chased them from the waterholes. I was at Laheijan, or Weij, as Aldington spells it. Possibly we were prejudiced, as the Navy received almost no credit for their operations.

The point about Lawrence's blowing up of trains was exactly that: he immobilized a large part of the Turkish army by forcing it to guard railway bridges, culverts and junctions, thus relieving pressure on the Gaza front—a service for which Field Marshal Allenby afterwards thanked Lawrence in no niggardly terms.

I cannot understand the waterhole reference. The Turks kept as close as possible to the Pilgrim railway and got their water from station water-tanks or village wells. Nor can I understand why Weij (or Wejh) in Arabia has been confused in Mr. McFee's mind with Laheijan in Persia, unless it is that he was also at Lahe in the far south of Arabia, a town which was not involved in the Shereefian campaign.

ROBERT GRAVES
Palma de Mallorca, Spain

► Radiation and Mutation

SIRS:

The evidence of the "safe" level of nuclear radiation ("Radiation and Mutation," *NR,* May 9, 1955) comes from experiments on short-lived mammals, and only pious hopes extend it to man.

Genetically, we have no evidence of the effect of small but universal increases on human heredity. The positive evidence of Hiroshima and Nagasaki is not hopeful. By 1950 one group of unborn children in that area showed 12 percent malformed. Of those exposed to the radiation in 1945, by 1950 four times as many suffered from leukaemia as the rest of Japan. The most seriously injured of the fishermen after the American H-bomb of March 1, 1954, had only

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one-tenth the normal number of white blood-corpuscles. The effect of genetic damage is cumulative, reaching a maximum in about five generations, say about 150 years.

The damage to the Japanese fishermen in 1954 was due to large errors by competent official scientific experts about the range of the H-bomb, and they make it quite absurd for us to trust any statement that any particular level above that of early 1945 is safe. We could not possibly know until that level had been tested on the whole human race for about 200 years; an experiment which can never be anything but insane. It would be like experimenting with long-term population to test the relation between the degree of excess radiation and the proportion of children born without eyes.

We know that the pre-1945 level is all right for us, but we can never know that any higher level is not too high for the human race.

I only came to see this through having to bring up to date a text-book which happens to touch on the matter; but now I find it hard to understand how it is that political and even scientific authorities have failed to grasp so simple a fact.

To continue atomic or hydrogen bomb tests is merely madness.

HUGH W. HECKSTALL-SMITH

Totnes, Devon, England

► Genetics and Party Lines

SIRS:

Concerning P. S. Hudson's article ("Marx and Mendel in the USSR," *NR*, April 25, 1955), many Western geneticists have pointed out the fallacies of the Michurin doctrine and were not surprised that Lysenko has finally been discredited. Only in a totalitarian state could such archaic theories and policies have persisted for so long a time. It is unfortunate that agricultural science has been so long retarded in a country where there is such great need for increased food production. Hudson's article is encouraging since it indicates that the Russians may become more rational and realistic in other fields.

PROF. KARL SAX
The Arnold Arboretum
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

► Britain and the Labour Party

SIRS:

I was interested in reading your comments on the British election (*NR*, April 18, 1955), even though there is a lot I disagree with.

The basic error you make, to my mind, is in assuming that the country as a whole is going Conservative. What you have forgotten is that at the last election the Labour Party got a larger total of votes than the Conservatives and Liberals put together, and it was only through the chances of distribution that the Conservatives were able to form a government. My own guess is that much the same sort of thing will happen this time; I shall be surprised if the Labour Party fails to get 14 million votes, while I do not expect the Tories to get more than 13 million; I still however expect them to be able to form a government with a majority of anything up to 50 seats. But so long as the majority of voters in this country are in favor of the Labour Party it is misleading to say that the workers "lost interest in the Socialist dream" or that "the Labour Party became a minority again."

I believe that you over-emphasize the disrupting effect of Bevanism. Of course it is there and it is a tiresome handicap to contend with, but so far as I understand the history of the Labour Party (or the Liberal Party before it, for that matter) there have always been disruptive movements trying to go faster than the main body of the Party wishes to go. If there is a forceful character who can be identified with this forward movement, and no correspondingly forceful character on the other side, a situation such as the present arises. But I doubt if it is more than a passing phenomenon which undoubtedly has weakened Labour somewhat in the present election but which is unlikely to have any lasting effect.

You also, I believe, over-emphasize the satisfaction of the ordinary people with the Conservative Party. Naturally somebody like myself who is identified with the other side is liable to get a biased impression of the number of people who are dissatisfied with the Conservatives; but in the last twelve months I have personally come across, and indirectly heard of, a growing number of people whose confidence in the Tories is becoming weakened. These people include Imperialists who are shocked at our retreat from Suez; local minor politicians who have resigned from the party owing to its over-centralized control and interference with them personally; businessmen whose confidence has been shaken by the drastic deterioration in our foreign exchange position when up until January they had been led to believe that we had never been more prosperous; farmers who are disillusioned by the Conservative interpretation of guaranteed prices and markets and frightened by their inability, for the first time in fifteen years, to dispose of all that they produce; and the non-political low income groups who, in spite of the published statistics, find that their increase in wages does not cover the increase in their weekly household expenditure.

In another month we shall know how important all these groups are; but far from the Conservative Party "gaining in strength and support" as you suggest I am strongly of the opinion that the chief worry of the Conservative Central Office at the moment is to make sure that all those who formerly voted Conservative will take the trouble to go and do so this time.

HARRY WALSTON

London, England

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► But, an ad-free life has compensations. For one thing, even without ads there is never enough space for stories that demand to be run in each issue.

For another, some *New Republic* subscribers seem to appreciate the high proportion of reading matter in this Journal. As an illustration, we quote in full a letter from a subscriber:

> Sirs: Advertisers who pay space rates in the newspapers and magazines seldom get fair value for their money from me.
>
> However, it was something of a shock to have to go through the April 25th issue of NR to see if my impression was correct, that I was the possessor of a copy of a magazine devoted purely (well, 99.44%) to [non-advertising] information. The shock is so great that I feel impelled to pay rates for a few lines of this information space.

► *Attached to this note was a ten-dollar check.* Such a letter has never before been received, and probably never will be again; though we can think of no happier situation than one in which space is bought by readers . . . and left to the editors to use.

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